

Capture of Louis XVI at Varennes, June 21, 1791.

LETTERS

FROM

PARIS,

DURING

THE SUMMER OF

1791.

Liberté, liberté, à Paris on t'a mise ;
D'un Roi le voisinage est souvent dangereux :
Preside a tout etat où la loi t'autorise,
Et restez-y, si tu peux.

VOLTAIRE.

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M,DCC.XCII.

ERRATA.

Page 124, last line, prefix ———
147, l. 5, read *to Monf.*
149, l. 12, r. *le juger.*
155, l. 1, r. *Phædria.*
——— l. 8, r. *bift.*
248, l. 13, r. *comme un adverbe.*
277, l. 3, r. *buz.*
288, l. 17, r. *infames.*
336, l. 12, r. *thing.*
337, l. 4, dele *comma after Revolution.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Letters were written at Paris in the months of June, July, Auguſt, September, and October, during the time between the King's flight from his capital, and his ſigning and acceptance of the new Conſtitution. All the interim, between the Monarch's abſence and his return, it was conceived in gene-

ral, would be ſo big with tumult and diſturbance, that few ſtrangers were hardy enough to think of going to Paris, though it were to be eye-witneſſes of ſo novel a ſight, as that of a Grand Monarch brought back to his capital, like a wild beaſt in a ſtring, amidſt the groans and hiſſes of an indignant populace.

The tumults, however, and commotions, which it was naturally ſuppoſed would take place in the French metropolis on the abdication of royalty, exiſted more in the imaginations of foreigners than within the walls of

Paris;

Paris; that illustrious capital suffered not the nature of an insurrection on the secession of its Monarch. Within four-and-twenty hours of his flight, the wits began to make epigrams on the vacant Throne, and the Knights of the Palais Roïal, to return with perfect serenity to the contemplation of their favourite colours, *rouge & noir*. This was the case even before it was known that the King was taken, but as soon as that fact was ascertained, they began to pasquinade his Majesty for want of courage, and the following

verſes were handed about among many others:

Dame nation joue au piquet avec la nobleſſe,
Celle-ci joue de guignon, l'autre triche ſans ceſſe;
Mais malgré ſon malheur pour elle je parie,
Il ne lui faut qu'un Roi de cœur pour gagner la partie.

Louis Seize was taken in his coach by the Mayor of Varennes, through the great reſemblance of his Majeſty to the royal portrait on the national paper. The fugitive Monarch was caught moſt unfortunately *en ſouriciere*, in the preciſe manner that his royal brother-in-law recommended to General Dalton, to take

his

his difobedient and rebellious fubjects. But ftill, it fhould feem, had his Majefty even here put on the King, and made the flighteft ftand on getting out of the carriage, and called to his horfe to fupport him, "*A moi* "*Dragon*," all his followers, to a man, infift upon it, that he might ftill have reached the frontier: but fortunately for the country, however otherwife for his brothers and coufins, the King made no refiftance, and quietly ordered his coachman to turn his horfes heads back the fame way that they came.

His Majesty had no sooner passed over his own bridge, (for he came by the way of the new Boulevards, purposely to avoid the crowds assembled on the old) and was safely lodged in the Thuilleries, than the Party began to try experiments, weave plots, and have recourse to stratagems for his enlargement.

The city of Paris, however, was kept in hot water all the time between his Majesty's ungracious return, and his gracious acceptance of the new Constitution, which conferred on him more power, I may say, and more in-

influence, than he ever before was in possession of. He was guarded, nevertheless, as if he had been in a Bastile, or the dungeon of Vincennes, before the arrival of the important moment when he was to pronounce on his own future destiny.'

But I say no more, lest I be found transcribing the Letters in the Introduction to them; since they are too short to permit of an epitome, and too few to suffer an abridgement.

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LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

Dover, June 1791.

TO begin a letter to a friend, with whom we have been accuſtomed to live in the habits of intimacy, is no more than to continue a converſation, however long it may have been interrupted, or at whatſoever diſtance of time or ſpace taken up. The laſt words of a favourite voice ſtill hang upon the ear, and bring back to your recollection every thing that preceded them, in the whole, or in parts, like the perfect air, which Rouſſeau tells

us, having once heard with the advantage of a full band, he carried away with him, and repeated at pleasure in his closet. O! that I could have prevailed upon you to have accompanied me! but I forbear to reproach. though you must allow me to say, how much I lose in losing your society; and to what a sad expedient I am reduced, to be obliged to commit to paper observations which owe their merit to surrounding circumstances, to accidents which cannot be preserved, and to lights and shades that cannot be delineated. Thus it will happen, that what delighted me more than any thing I have seen, may please you less, were you to visit the spot with my letter before your eyes. I remember well, hearing of some one being very much disappointed, that he found so little resemblance between the painted scenery of the Wye,

and

and the real. " Why ſurely," ſays he, with Gilpin's book in his hand, " the " man has never been here; the lights, " the ſhades, the diſtances are all at va- " riance; it is not the ſame thing: no, " certainly not; Claude, or Rouſſeau, " or any good obſerver of nature, could " have told him, that all the elements " are different at different hours of the " day, and in different ſtates of the at- " moſphere."

I arrived at this place laſt night, and put off my paſſage till to-day at noon, wiſhing to take a curſory view of the fortifications, (begun by one Board of Ordnance, and finiſhed by another) which, I ſuppoſe, it is poſſible to demonſtrate, are very fit and proper for their place, though it is leſs apparent to a vulgar eye. The remains of the old tower,

 called

called the Tower of Julius Cæſar, gave me infinite ſatisfaction; it is built with layers of ſtone and tile, and the tile is grooved or ſcored on the under ſide, in order to receive the mortar on which it is laid. I ſhall ſay a word more on this ſubject, probably, before I have done, in order to found a conjecture on the age of this relic of antiquity.

The curioſities of the Caſtle are chiefly baronial; the horn, the bell, the ſword of ſtate, the ſpurs, &c. the vertebræ of of an animal, were found nearly at the bottom of the well, or within two fathoms of the ſea ſhore. The plants that occur at this time in the neighbourhood of the Caſtle are intereſting to a botaniſt, eſpecially if he can find any of the ſcarce ones in his ſhort excurſion from the inn, before the tide ſerves to carry him over; for

for it is never worth while to riſk loſing ſight of the grand object for the ſake of a digreſſion, which may be made as well at another ſeaſon; leſt you ſhould reſemble the man, who, with ſome difficulty, having clambered to the top of a high mountain to ſee the ſea, and a fleet of ſhips, ſuffered his eyes to be rivetted to the ground in ſearch of a ſcarce and diminutive object of nature, till the fleet was out of ſight.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER II.

Calais, June 1791.

I HAD a very pleaſant paſſage to this place of four hours, and got to Calais in good time to dine in the garden, and on the ground-floor; I need not tell you, that there is no dining-place with us more delightful in a fine day than Deſſein's garden, whether at Shuter's-hill, or Salt-hill, or any of the hills, I know of none that can compare with it. There is not the ſmalleſt idea of an inn in this charming place; an air of magnificence and private property reigns through the whole; you appear to yourſelf to be paying a viſit to a great Prince, who has allotted

allotted you a ſuite of apartments that look upon a pleaſant parterre, ſuch as Jean Jacques deſcribes, *frais, vert, paré, orné, fleuri, arrosé*; in ſhort, *le bout du monde paroit être à votre porte*, you ſeem to have touched at the Heſperides, and wiſh to ſet up your ſtaff, at leaſt for a week. Such is the impreſſion this enchanting ſpot had made upon me, when I was rouſed from my fit of admiration by the ſound of fiddles and a drum, and ran out into the ſtreet to inquire what it meant, and at the gate of the outer court I found four blind men, three violins and a drum, in proceſſion round the town on the eve of the *Fête-Dieu*; the muſicians were all of one family, and all brothers, and their conductors collected farthings and halfpence for them from the crowd that followed them. I returned back again into my apart-

ment, and walking towards the Theatre, which faces the garden-front of the Hotel, I found there was no play till the next day, and I had nothing to do but to go round the town, and call at the convents, and walk into every religious houſe I ſhould find open. The French houſes are at this ſeaſon very agreeably decorated with parterres, which, you know, are, for the moſt part, at their windows, and, like the gardens of Adonis, in pots, tranſportable to any part of the houſe. The articles that compoſe theſe are of the choiceſt kind; double pomegranates, double neriums, myrtles, pink-flowering, coxcomb, and bird's neſt; bede-trees, with ſpikes of flowers at leaſt twelve inches long, and ſweet-ſcented gales. Theſe you may find every where, indeed the grenadiers, and the lauriers-roſes, appear to thrive even at Calais much better

better than with us, and are much eaſier to propagate, if we may judge from the quantity we ſee of them, and the moderate price they bear in the flower-markets. Having made the tour of the ramparts, I went to the convent of the Capuchins; on the ramparts I found an alley of elms, which had been planted but five years, and ſeemed to have grown altogether as faſt as poplars; the leaf is large, and very rough, and is diſtinguiſhed vulgarly by the *elm à groſſes feuilles*: I have ſeen this elm very commonly in nurſeries, but I never had an idea of the quickneſs of its growth. The ſoil is a light ſand.

I went to the Capuchins to viſit the laſt man of the ſociety, the Warden *(Gardien)*, who having ſeen all the orders out, leaves the houſe the laſt. He

He has one brother with him, who follows his fortunes, and ſtays or goes with his commanding officer.

I went next to a convent, where there has been no change of perſons, with the change of politics, but ſolely of property. The fair poſſeſſors are not quite ſo well endowed as they were ſome little time ago; and yet not one of theſe Dominiquin ladies chuſe to quit their hold of the monaſtery, but wiſh to remain penſioners of Government, in the perfect enjoyment of their religious habits, tranquil and undiſturbed, with full liberty

"To count their beads, to live in cloiſters damp;
"To faſt and pray, and trim the midnight lamp."

In the garden of the Capuchins, which was rented by an inhabitant of Calais,

I found

I found a number of ſcarce hot-houſe and green-houſe plants, which came from Gordon's and other nurſery-men, in London. The poſſeſſor ſeemed to take great delight in cultivating them, and wiſhed much to propagate his favourites, which were fuchſia, and heaths of various ſorts. Againſt the walls of the convent was an immenſe cherry-tree loaded with fruit, but good for nothing, and perfectly abominable: the tree had been raiſed from a ſtone, (admire the induſtry and intelligence of the Monks) and never grafted. Surely this tree is an emblem of the order, that grows faſt, ſhoots luxuriantly, runs to leaf and to branch, but bears no fruit that can be eat, produces no timber that can be uſed. The previous queſtion ſhould have been aſked long ago, *Why cumbereth it the*

earth?

earth? Cut it down.—Adieu. To-morrow I go to St. Omer's, as ſoon as the gates ſhall be open, that is, after the proceſſion.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER III.

St. Omer's, June 1791.

BEFORE I left Calais, the news of the King's eſcape from the Thuilleries was arrived, and I thought proper to haſten my departure, leſt, in caſe of its being confirmed, I might be detained two or three days at Deſſein's againſt my inclination. The rumour was, however, as yet but faint, and no orders were iſſued, and I met with no interruption. Between Calais and Ardres the road is flat, and the corn lands and the meadows diverſify the face of the country but little, though their relative ſtate and condition is totally different, according to the

zeal and industry of the different proprictors : sometimes, for a mile together, you ride through corn lands without a weed, and fields which seem to shoot under your eye like the grass at Rosea ; in other places the wheat is so overgrown with poppies, so interspersed with blue bottles, and the meadows so choaked with wild botany, that they have more the appearance of lands in a state of nature, than in a state of cultivation. Le Champ du drap d'Or is on the left hand before you get to Ardres. It is impossible to pass this spot of gallant chivalry, which is now no more, without a variety of pleasing reflections; for instance, you think immediately of Burke, and the Antiquarian Society: the first flatters the imagination, the second satisfies the judgement; the one presents you with all the riches of the memory,

for

for poetry is allied to chivalry, the other teaches you the art which is the masterpiece of history, *L'Art de verifier les dates.* With the one you riot in the harmonious images of Ælla, with the other you become acquainted with Ceolwolf and Tatwallin. *Utrum mavis accipe.* Between Ardres and La Recousse the lands are manured with marl, and look rich and fat.

I saw nothing more worthy of remark, till I arrived at the long alley which conducts you into the prison—city of St. Omer's; for so I think all fortified places, and all frontier towns, may fairly be called: when you are within, and the bridge is let down, you are bastilled, if I may be allowed the expression, at least for the night, and, in times of dread and suspicion, for the day

too. St. Omer's is ſomething like Oxford, if you can ſuppoſe that Oxford had two other ſtreets parallel to its high ſtreet, of equal dimenſions. The breadth of the great ſtreet at St. Omer's is nearly twenty paces: its length is very conſiderable, and it has ſomething of that fine bend in it which we ſo much admire at Oxford. The churches of all the religious houſes are ſhut up, and the courts are for the moſt part overgrown with graſs, the turrets begin to moulder, and the picture is altogether as the author of the Concubine paints it:

> "On Deſmond's mould'ring tow'r,
> "The trembling rye-graſs, and the hair-bell blue."

This throws one back two hundred years, and the abbeys of Tintern and Glaſtonbury ruſh into your mind, and riſe up before your eyes perfect in all their

parts.

parts. The ſoft ſenſations of melancholy throw a pleaſing calm over the ſenſes, while you are occupied in contemplating the great changes of things, and are an eye-witneſs of the operations of fortune,

"That Goddeſs blind,
"Who ſtands upon the rolling, reſtleſs ſtone."

As an unintereſted ſpectator in a place of ſafety, you may contemplate the troubled ſea at your eaſe, but ſhould you be, like Virgil's hero, *pars magna*, as well as an ocular witneſs of a great Revolution, you will find that it will require no ſmall degree of fortitude to ſtand the ſhock, and no inconſiderable ſhare of virtue to preſerve a conſiſtent character, and merit the praiſe of antiquity;

——Virtutibus ille
Fortunam domuit.

Ever your's.

LETTER IV.

Lifle, June 24.

FROM St. Omer's, where I was well fed and well lodged, my road lay through Caffel, which is fituated on an eminence, and poffeffes an extenfive and commanding view of the French and Englifh coaft, the Channel and Dover Caftle, and many of the fortified places in Flanders. Indeed, it is almoft the only mountain, properly fo called, in the whole of this country belonging to the French. I faid, I was well fed and well lodged, this is generally the cafe, as the French excel in cookery, and in every thing that relates to the kitchen, they are always at home. The

pro-

proverbs ſays, *Trois François, deux cuiſiniers.* The price, however, in the provinces of a decent table, is no longer ſurpriſingly cheap. At St. Omer's, ſymptoms appear of a change of country; the ſigns are here and there in Flemiſh, and the ſhort pipes put you in mind of Holland. Your hear Flemiſh ſpoken continually on the road to Liſle, though not one word when you get thither. The only ſigns I could perceive as yet of the Revolution, were in the big look and fierce regard of the civil ſoldier, the national recruit, and the municipal officer; all theſe gentlemen were exact and ſcrupulous in the exerciſe of their office, not to ſay rude and officious in the diſcharge of their duty; the contraſt was great between the ſtile and addreſs of the old and new ſyſtem; between the flattery of *a qui ai je l'honneur de parler*, and the *bruſ-*

querie of *votre nom, d'ou venez vous, ou allez vous?* Then on the road you were ſure you were in a country newly ſet up, and proud of its liberty; can you believe it? The peaſants refuſed to turn out for the poſt royal, and would not even touch their hat to the poſtillion. I own I was ſhocked at this, much as I hate deſpotiſm, and the only comfort I have to give you is, that theſe inſtances of extreme verſatility were not of conſtant occurrence.

Caſſel is a tedious ſtage from St. Omer's, but you are repaid when you get to the top of the hill. There is ſomething of an epigrammatic turn in the inhabitants of this eminence, one would think the height of their ſituation made them ſee things in a new light. The landlord, for inſtance, ſaid—that Caſſel was the higheſt mountain in the world, *à l'exception d'elle-même*;

même; et la fille convenoit qu'elle étoit très jolie, quand elle étoit toute seule. The news of the King's flight having reached St. Omer's before I left it, I was obliged to obtain a permiſſion to leave the town, and before I got to Caſſel I was ſtopped by the patrole, which ſuffered me to go on without a paſſport to Caſſel and Bailleul; but here I was obliged to ſue humbly, though not in vain, for a power to proceed. The municipality detained me only an hour, and then ſent me on to Liſle. The road the whole way to Liſle is through broad avenues terminated by pariſh-ſteeples, the trees are limes, elms, poplars, willows, and in the lands on both ſides are poppies, corn, and cabbage, that is Colſat, which is a Braſſica or Choux, and furniſhes oil for the lamp. Pigeons are extremely rare in this country; the firſt flock I ſaw was on the other

ſide of Liſle. Sheep are by no means abundant, now and then you ſee a wretched flock feeding on the ſhort bite by the ſide of the ditch. Nothing, however, can exceed the beauty of the road the whole way to Liſle, whither I arrived at the moſt critical point of time poſſible, juſt when it was ſuſpected that the caſtle had been ſold, and was to be delivered to the King's friends; and at the moment, when they knew the King was fled, and before they had received the news of his being ſtopped. As ſoon as I came to the ſuburbs, I delivered my paſſport at the firſt guard-houſe, and was ſuffered to proceed to my inn with two ſoldiers, one on each ſide of the carriage; I could ſee, as I paſſed through the town, that the ferment of the people was very great. It was now five o'clock, and on getting out of my carriage at the inn, I was required to attend

attend the municipality at the town-hall, and the maſter of the inn was obliged to accompany me. Here my paſſport was examined in two or three different committees, and I was told that no new one would be granted me to continue my journey, even to Paris, unleſs ſome one would anſwer for me. The maſter of the inn knew nothing of me, and I was obliged to acquieſce and retire. At eight arrived a courier to ſay that the King was detained at Varennes. The face of affairs was now materially changed, and on a ſecond application I had no difficulty to obtain permiſſion to leave Liſle the next day, and proceed on my journey, provided I went to Paris.

There never was a greater change worked in the courſe of five minutes in the

looks and geſtures of any people, than in the inhabitants of this place on the arrival of the meſſenger from the National Aſſembly. The whole town I may ſay, that is, an immenſe crowd, was collected together in the great ſquare before the town-houſe, all apparently ſullen, and diſcontented, and full of ſuſpicion, endeavouring from time to time to force their way into the court of the Hotel de Ville, which the guards at the gates had ſome difficulty to prevent. The great fear of the people was, that the caſtle would be ſurprized, and the aſſignats fall 50 per cent. before the next day. But as they had no diſtinct idea of what was to befal them, their trepidation was the greater, *major eſt ignotarum rerum timor.* I was contemplating this repreſentation to the life of a troubled city, when on turning

my

my head round I ſaw a courier advancing through the crowd towards the town-houſe, as faſt as the waves of the people could retire on both ſides to make a lane for him. The meſſenger rode immediately into the court of the Hotel de Ville, and very ſoon after the municipality came out to declare that the King was ſtopped at Varennes, and on his road back to Paris. But the courier had told the tale long before, and the tranſition from the deepeſt dejection to the higheſt elevation, had already taken place. The whole ſquare formed itſelf into a ring, and danced round like an Indian tribe, with a hoop and a halloo. All at once you ſaw five hundred hats in the air, and the place re-echoed with ſcreams of joy. Theſe frantic exultations continued till eleven at night, and the town was in a blaze,

blaze, illuminated through all its ſtreets, I retired to bed well pleaſed at the turn things had taken in my favour.

Ever your's.

LETTER V.

THE road from Lisle to Peronne is through avenues and corn fields, interspersed with the august and imposing remains of Benedictine Convents, the one more magnificent than the other: St. Vas à Arras, St. Troye, and the Convent à Mont St. Quentin near Peronne. The traveller is always delighted when one of these magnificent edifices bursts upon his view with all its old hereditary trees and welcome shades, and cannot but feel a regret, when he sees the instruments of destruction hanging by a thread over their heads, and threatening immediate demolition. But, unfortunately for the

tribe of painters, poets, and theorists of sentimental feelings, the case is not exactly the same, as when avarice dismantles, or when extravagance strips off the lead from the paternal roof, or robs the dryads of their shade. The unalienable rights of monachism should long ago in every country have been branded in the forehead with a public advertisement, and passed like the field of Achæmenides into the hands of Menippus. The French have been called good architects at pulling down, or more intelligibly, architects of destruction, but in every thing that relates to monastic demolition, they undoubtedly deserve the praise of their favourite Voltaire in his Guerre de Geneve.

Batir est beau, mais detruire est sublime.

The approach to Arras is very fine, and the entrance into the city will be much more commodious than it formerly was; for it is not yet quite finished; over the gate is an inscription,

> Quand les Anglois prendront Arras,
> Les souris mangeront les rats.

The resemblance of this place to its ancient name of Atrebatum is but small, and not greater than to itself in former times, when it gave its name to a manufacture of tapestry, of which it was the inventor. Thus it is with Delft, and with D'Ypres, whose ingenious discoveries in pottery, and the art of making table-linen, (on which Swift is so unseasonably pleasant) have been surpassed long since by other rival cities, which have carried off all the glory, and left nothing but the shade of

a name

a name to the invention. On entering the town I was conducted by a guard to the Hotel de Ville in order to be paſſed on to Peronne.

I ſaw nothing remarkable here but the livery of the committee, which made me ſmile on account of its reſemblance to the favourite game which prevails in this country, *rouge et noir*. The ſeam of the back divided the colours like a field in heraldry, party per pale, and hence I preſume comes the compound epithet party-coloured, by which we diſtinguiſh our footmen. The ſtate of the houſes in this country is laid in a ſuperior ſtyle of beauty and durability, and looks more like teſſellated work on an inclined plane, than any other ſort of covering. At Sailly, which is the laſt poſt before you come to Peronne, is a religious houſe of conſi-

confiderable extent, finely fituated, belonging to the Auguftin friars, which no doubt will fell well, when it comes to the hammer. Peronne is in fight, and I am now paffing a convent of Benedictines fituated on a rifing ground, which commands the town. The fetting fun is playing on the waters that furround and protect this fortification, which has ever been impregnable, and on which Spain, in all its attempts, could make no impreffion; it has been faid, becaufe fhe did not know how to attack it. The ramparts are peopled with ladies who are walking or fitting beneath the trees planted on the baftion.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER VI.

Peronne.

AMONG other diſtinctions and high titles of impregnable and invincible, Peronne claims the honour of having for its deputy, a great though unſucceſsful orator, a man of conſtant courage and unwearied zeal, the Abbè Maury. For firmneſs no ſtoic e'er ſurpaſſed him. Not the Thirty Tyrants, not the National Aſſembly, not the voice of Mirabeau thundering from the tribune, could ever ſhake him from his purpoſe. The cauſe in which he was engaged, though his own, afforded him no ſupport, it was weak and tottering, and derived no prop from

its own intrinſic worth, but had been held up too high upon the ſtilts of pride and credulity, ignorance and ſuperſtition. It required no voice from heaven to foretell that ſuch a foundation muſt be waſhed away whenever the ſtorm ſhould fall upon it: and waſhed away it fairly is, ſo that it is now not eaſy to ſay where it ſtood. The mitred front that was exalted in the preſence-chamber, is baniſhed to its own palace; which, in order to eke out a wretched pittance, it is obliged to ſhare with the public. (The Biſhop of Beauvais has lately petitioned the National Aſſembly to permit him to let out a part of his epiſcopal palace) But it is not the Biſhop only and the Archbiſhop that have been thus humbled and reduced from forty lacqueys to four; there is nothing wrong, eſſentially wrong in this, and we may ſay in ſome caſes *à la bonne*

heure, encore passe! But the misery is that the degradation is general, where the exaltation was only partial; they are all degraded, but they were not all preferred, for I must call it a degradation to have their lands taken from them, though they may be pensioned in return with a few pounds more than their own impropriation might have produced; and I see no difference between the claim of Ahab to the vineyard of Naboth; and the right of any Assembly to the arbitrary purchase of a life-estate for a price.

The church of France, without all doubt, wanted a thorough reform, and as the benefices of the church became vacant, they should have been retrenched; but to read the sentence first, and hear the cause afterwards, is too much like the judgement of Rhadamanthus to be en-

dured in an age of freedom, and under the banner of liberty, and yet without this summary proceſs, there could have been no Revolution in France. Grant, if you pleaſe, that ſome good may accrue to ſome individuals, and by this reſumption of eccleſiaſtic property, here and there the repartition may increaſe a certain in-come five, ten, or twenty pounds a year; yet there is no indemnification for the loſs of the fig-tree and the vineyard which I called my own; for I cannot call the houſe which has been thrown back reluctantly, or the garden which has been yielded with a bad grace to the prayers of importunity; I cannot look on this or that, I ſay, as any thing more than the petty privilege of the penſioned tenant of every alms-houſe. For the property is all gone, the lifehold, copyhold, the freehold is no more; and you have no hold left,

 but

but the hold of a petitioning beggar upon a man who wants what he has engaged to give you, to pay his own household, and then the chaplain is always forgot. If all this fail, and you are moved by none of my arguments, you must allow that the hardship is great, where any one, who has been bred up in habits of liberality and independence, has spent his own property to obtain an indelible profession, shall, by an *ex post facto* law, be deprived of that independence, and still be prevented from acquiring any other by a change of profession. It would be better to be even the gaudy Swiss, the door-keeper of a church, than an officiating minister on such terms. Why should the church, which is the eldest sister, (onction à part) be thrust down below law and physic; it is not possible for the man of the church, who has paid for his

edu-

education, is no child of charity, and has equal pretenſions to wealth and celebrity with other profeſſions, to vault like a rhyming poet in ſpite of his fetters: poverty ſtands in his way, and is the eternal link which will chain him to the duſt, and effectually prevent his riſing, though ever ſo ſlowly: add to all this, that misfortune will make him ridiculous, and ridicule in its turn will make him unfortunate. The dilemma is equally wretched on both ſides. In this capucinade for the church I have loſt ſight of the Abbé, but I truſt I ſhall find him again at Paris.

Ever your's,

LETTER VII.

UPON coming out of Peronne I thought myſelf in a cyder country, as the road on both ſides were lined with apple-trees, but without fruit; I am told that the cyder of Picardy is better than that of Normandy. The variety of apples is, certainly, they ſay, greater in Normandy, which ought to make the cyder better, but the ſkill in aſſorting the ſweets and the ſours makes a total difference in the manufacture. The corn-fields in this country are bordered with Venus's looking-glaſs, an Engliſh plant, which produces an effect infinitely more gay and leſs formal than thrift or daiſy, or Siberian

rian primrose. In the same place I observed a toad-flax of a deep pompadour colour, which, without any additional culture, might be introduced in its present state into the richest parterre. The different species of this plant are very common in our gardens, but I never recollect to have seen any so ornamental in its natural state as the one in question. This plant particularly engaged my attention, as it was the first I had seen by the road-side, (which is all the traveller can see) between Calais and Roye, that was not of English production, a distance of, at least, one hundred and twenty-five or thirty miles. Between Bois le Liheu and Pont St. Maxence, I saw, for the first time, a hedge-row of oaks, since I left my own country; for the avenues are planted with limes, elms, and poplars, and this tree, to which

we are ſo much accuſtomed, is not often found in the high roads. At Pont St. Maxence is the chateau of Monſ. De Villette; the grounds are laid out *à l'Angloiſe*, and though a dead flat, and a deep ſand, they appear to want neither variety nor fertility: near the houſe is a very thriving little vineyard on a ſand hill, which is the only riſing ground I could ſee within a conſiderable diſtance of the manſion. I could not help thinking myſelf for a moment in the gardens of Count Bentinck at the Hague. The *entours* of the houſe are planted with taſte, and the offices well hid; near the houſe, perhaps, the pruning-knife might be applied to advantage, particularly on the ſouth-eaſt ſide. The garden and the poultry-yard, I make no doubt, are highly productive, and, as the poſſeſſor reſides at Paris, a green cart full of poulardes, vegeta-

vegetables, fruit, and much game, goes loaded every Saturday to the Quay des Theatins. The principal front of the houſe has a charming view of the new bridge at Pont St. Maxence, and the amphitheatre of hills beyond it; the grounds round the houſe produce abundance of monk's hood, and ſcarce any other plant. The diſtance from this place to Paris is nearly thirty miles, the road lies through Senlis, which the expeditions of the Court from Verſailles to Compiegne kept conſtantly alive, and raiſed the price of its eatables. In the preſent dearth of royal cuſtom, the place is reduced to the uſual caſualties of other leſs noble thoroughfares; to its manufacture of Sabots, to its miraculous fountain, which has the ſingular property of rendering thoſe who drink its waters habitually, toothleſs, owing

to a cauſe which remains to be examined; it ſhould ſeem, however, that the inn-keepers never drink of this water but ſparingly, as they have always retained the faculty of nibbling at every traveller who ſtops at their houſes. Juſt before I arrived at Senlis, I ſaw ſome fine beeches for the firſt time ſince I left Dover. The road from Paris to Senlis is not better ſerved than from Peronne to Senlis, and though the poſts are ſaid to be ſhorter, you gain no advantage in time. The approach to the capital from the north is much embelliſhed by the new St. Genevieve, the French Pantheon, with its beautiful cupola, and its fine inſcription in the manner of the ancients.

Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnoiſſante.

I am

I am now arrived at the gate of St. Martin, and at length set down at my hotel.—Adieu.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Paris, June 28.

HERE I am at Paris, the emporium of novelty, in laws, manners, and religion. The firſt thing I did was to ſend to the *Rue Rouſſeau*; but alas! no letters. The King is come back, and the thouſands that went out to meet him, but the poſt is not arrived that tells me you have not forgot me. *Comment donc*—

Vous ne m'ecrivez pas : vous avez oublié
Qu'une lettre ſouvent conſole de l'abſence.
Convient-il donc à l'amitié
De garder un triſte ſilence ?
L'Amitié, comme femme, a le droit de jaſer,
Et ſon babil d'ailleurs tient à ſon ame :
L'Amour eſt different, ſon eloquente flamme
Au grand jour craint de s'expoſer.

But

But no delay of your's, no neglect shall seduce me from that charming duty, which is the refuge of the unfortunate, and the certain consolation of the exile. I make no doubt, but that your first letter will tell me, over and over again, that I am mad to go to Paris in the dog-days, where Sirius rules the sky in good earnest, not as with us, in the almanack only, where he may be mistaken now and then for Aquarius. But to have done with all that, and much more that might be said on the subject; for instance, that the streets are narrow, that the houses are high, that every door has its dung-heap, and that the people are no longer amiable. I do not mean to answer these objections in detail, but shall only observe, that there are parts of this crowded city, with its narrow streets and high houses, where a stranger might cry out with

with Livy, *Non me urbem visurum, sed quandam cœli partem, aut fragmentum delapsum*—that the heat is as easily kept in subjection here as elsewhere, and the coy nymph Aura will come if she be courted—that I speak of the bridge that bears me, as I ought, and that I have no hatred for a French metropolis. The King came back yesterday, with his three body-guards on a coach-box, in a state of perfect freedom, neither chained nor tied, as probably you may hereafter be told. His Majesty was asked, how they should be disposed of, and he said, "Put them "on the box." It does not appear, that many people were in the secret of the King's escape; the three guards composed the whole of his suite, and yet it is not a little singular, and worth observing, that the *Journal, L'Ami du Roi* ceased the 21st of June, the day the King went off

at

at two in the morning, and did not ap-pear again till the 29th, the day or two after his return. The Mayor of Varennes had never ſeen the King but on a crown, and an aſſignat, the reſemblance on this laſt was ſtrong enough to tell him that he was ſure of his man. *C'eſt lui, dit-il, c'eſt lui-même.* Her Majeſty inſiſted on it, before the Mayor, that ſhe by no means meant to leave the kingdom. *Cà peut-être Madame, a repondu le Maire, mais ſi le pied de votre majeſté avoit gliſsé, vous auriez tombé, dans le paijs etranger.* The King, the Queen, and the Dauphin, it ſeems, for this is not very well known, eſcaped from the Thuilleries at different times, and at different doors. The Queen paſſed out through the apartment of Ma-dame de Rochefeuille, and Monſ. le Duc de Villequier by the Cour des Princes. The King followed the Queen and Dau-phin.

phin, and they all met at a garden in the road to the Bois de Boulogne, where they ſupped, and ſet out for Bondy, the firſt poſt to Metz, by a circuitous road at the back of Montmartre. It appears alſo, that the King paſſed out through the apartments of Monſ. De Villequier. Eight days before the royal flight, his Majeſty rode up to Montmartre on horſe-back, in order to reconnoitre the road he was to take. I think it very probable, that this grand project might have ſucceeded, if the poſtillions had not been too well paid, ſince it was undoubtedly the gold that was given them, and the marked impatience of the donors, that raiſed the firſt ſuſpicions, and put the people on their guard. The diſcovery, however, was moſt fortunate for humanity, ſince it has probably ſaved a deluge of blood, and numberleſs ſouls,

which

which would have been otherwiſe maſſacred, as Voltaire ſays very finely,

"Sur les fleurs du printemps,"

and I am perſuaded to no purpoſe, for all would have been loſt (*Qui perd un empire perd tout)*; and I make no exception, though the army of the Emperor had joined the handful of men collected by the Princes of the blood, and though the King of Sweden, the great hero of modern times, had taken the command, and been Generaliſſimo. In the firſt place, at the very firſt bruſh of hoſtilities, I very much doubt if a fourth part of the imperial troops would not have deſerted to the French; then, unleſs every thing could have been done by a *coup de main*, all reſource muſt very ſoon have failed, and whatever fellow feelings crowned heads may be ſuppoſed to have

for a brother in diſtreſs, Louis XVI. would ſoon have been ſent, like James II. to St. Germains; they would have allotted him ſome caſtle for his reſidence, and there they would have left him, *à dandiner. à ſa forge, boire, et s'hébéter tout à ſon aiſe.* Excuſe this prolixity, and believe me,

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER IX.

July 1.

THE firſt viſit you have to make at Paris is to your banker, in order to produce your credentials; the ſecond is to your Ambaſſador, in order to obtain protection, and the third to the National Aſſembly. The race of bankers is, at this moment, the moſt amiable ſet of men in the world, becauſe they give you a hundred and twenty-five pounds for a hundred; this twenty-five per cent. pays your journey to Paris and back again, ſo that it coſts you nothing to go or to come. But what is infinitely more flattering, is their attachment to your in-

tereſt and your convenience; their great civility, and their warm reception: all this is moſt pleaſant, *dulcis inexpertis*: then the dinners they give entirely win you, and you are perfectly careleſs whether you ſpend a hundred more or leſs, ſuch is the eaſe of procuring it. Banking, as it is managed at Paris, is a lottery ticket, which generally comes up a great prize, and ſeldom fails, unleſs you have too much wit, or too much ſpeculation, or are unfortunate in the choice of a miſtreſs, who miſtakes bank notes for Bonbons. I went firſt, then, to my monied friend, who offered me every thing he could furniſh me with, gold, ſilver, or paper; I choſe ſome of each, and took my leave, in order to deliver my letters at the Ambaſſador's, and from thence to go to the National Aſſembly,

ſembly, for which I was provided with a ticket.

The Aſſembly is ſo well repreſented at Covent Garden, or Drury Lane, I do do not recollect which, that I was ſtruck with the great reſemblance of the copy to the original; but the appearance, upon the whole, diſappointed me. On the right hand of the Preſident I ſaw no oppoſition; I aſked why? Where are the troops of the Abbé Maury? Where are the ariſtocratic forces? I ſee nothing but the leaders. Oh! they are all gone over, like the children of Iſrael, or drowned with Pharaoh and his hoſt. *Pedibus itur in ſententiam.* The reciprocity, then, is as in the treaty of England with America, all on one ſide. No, they ſaid, that was not the caſe, the Abbé Maury was ſtill firm and unſhaken, though he ſat ſilent;

 indeed,

indeed, ſince the death of Mirabeau, he had ſpoken but little, and now, ſince the departure of the King, he was almoſt left alone. The ſubject of the day was a dry one, on the colours of the regimentals; Monſ. Menou enlivened his ſpeech by a happy alluſion *au caſque orné de plumes blanches de Henri IV.*—"*Suivez mon Panache, vous le trouverez* "*toujours dans le chemin de l'honneur, et de* "*la victoire.*" I ſaw ſeveral of the famous ſpeakers, and heard ſome of them. Lameth, Robertſpierre, Barnave, &c. Barnave is a very extraordinary young man. The Aſſembly was more peaceable to-day than uſual, indeed there was little to agitate it, except the letter of Monſ. de Bouillé, ſigned Marquis, predicting the downfall of Paris, like the downfall of Jeruſalem, where there was not left one ſtone upon another. This letter

was received with the ſentiments it inſpired, contempt and ridicule: it exhibited a menace of vengeance and reſentment, in a ſituation which makes courage doubtful, and conduct problematical. It ſtated, that the King left Paris, and his throne, in order to tranſport himſelf to the frontiers, for the purpoſe of mediating between France and her enemies. The Aſſembly generally riſes about three, and ſits again after dinner: ſhall I tell you my idea of this famous Houſe of Parliament, and the judgement I formed of it? I will in three words, *omnia in cunis.* Before I leave Paris, perhaps, I may change my opinion. I cannot ſay, I think the Preſident's bell has a happy effect in producing ſilence, but, on the contrary, increaſes the confuſion; and as to the Huiſſiers, or walking Gentlemen Uſhers, as we pronounce

them, they may, three parts of their time, as well whiſtle to the winds, as think of quieting the ſtorm by a ſimple huſh, or a gentle waving of their hands, like the riſing lark. I make no doubt, however, that time may do ſome good in reforming theſe ſmall faults, and reſtoring calm to the boiſterous main, whenſoever it ſhall be violently agitated, either by the oil of perſuaſive eloquence, or the awe of ſome great character, ſuch as Mirabeau's, who put to ſilence the thirty voices by a word.

Silence aux trente voix; qu'on ecoute.

LET-

LETTER X.

I BURN with impatience to tell you, that your long letter of to-day has entirely made your peace, and that my gratitude knows no delay amidſt the numberleſs avocations of duty and pleaſure, amuſement and inſtruction, which this chequered city holds out to all its viſitors. I left my bed an hour ſooner this morning than uſual, to be ready for the poſt at one o'clock. As you are no ſtranger to Paris in its reformed ſtate, I ſpeak of the improvements of the Palais Royal, I need enter into no details on the ſubject of that place particularly, or any other of the common objects of reſearch, by

every traveller on his firſt viſit to this capital. My intention is to write as conſtantly as I can find time, and make the the occurrence of the day the ſubject of my letter. I walk out in a morning, or rather ſally forth in ſearch of adventures, from eleven till three. As my way lay to-day towards the city, I called in at Notre Dame, who is at this moment abandoned by all her canons. Not one of them having taken the civic oath, they come no more to officiate, and on great days ſtrangers and hirelings occupy their places. This cathedral might well be called, *la Cathedrale des Rois*, as its principal front preſents you with the ſtatues of twenty-eight French Kings from Childeric to Philippe Auguſte, in whoſe reign the building was begun, towards the end of the twelfth century. None of the cathedral churches in Italy, France, or

Eng-

England, were begun before the eleventh century, that is, before the Millennium was complete, becauſe it was thought there would be no uſe for them. See the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtorians and after Hiſtorians Church Hiſtories. I know you do not wiſh me to ſay any thing of the pictures that adorn the body of the church, though le Sueur and le Brun be among the painters. Indeed the Sacriſty was the only thing that attracted my curioſity, where I found ſome good portraits of the Archbiſhops of Paris. The magnificence of the treaſury, too, ſtruck me conſiderably in parts, which is a good deal to ſay, if you have ſeen Loretto. But the piece of furniture that made the greateſt impreſſion upon me was a Chaſuble, or Prieſt's robe very finely wrought, but much better preſerved, of the year eight hundred and eighty-eight; making this ancient part of the, officia-

ting

ting miniſter's dreſs older than the tapeſtry at Bayeux, on which is King William's expedition to England, and I can aſſure you, in much finer preſervation: they reſemble each other in one thing, they have both been lined. The date is in figures 888 on the Chaſuble, the truth of which is very ſuſpicious. On examining the robe a ſecond time, I find the date 888 is only a copy in figures of what the copyiſt conceived to be the original in numeral letters. The original ſtands thus DCC Ɔ; between the ſecond C and the third Ɔ there was formerly ſomething which is effaced, as the threads of the embroidery are worn bare. I conceive it to have been an I, and then the date will be more reaſonable, for inſtance, DCCIƆ, which will ſtand for the year eleven hundred.

The

The greateſt curioſity I have yet ſeen appeared yeſterday at the Palais Royal; it was Le Chevalier du B——, who was brought in a ſort of litter, juſt when he was at the laſt gaſp, to die, as it were, upon the ſtage. When they carried him off, I believe he was gone, for his jaw fell, and his head hung, as if did not belong to him, upon his ſhoulder. This extraordinary man, not a fortnight before, was the flower of France, in beauty, grace, ſtrength, and activity. At times, indeed, when high in blood, he had a tendency to grow unruly, and would not be controuled. Bars and bolts could not hold him, and he would get away from a dozen peace-officers. He was much addicted to gaming, and committed exceſſes in conſequence of his loſſes: he had always a pack of cards before him, to gratify his ruling paſſion to the laſt; and when his

phy-

physician had told there was no hope, then said he, "a louis upon the red doctor." The immediate cause of his death was a complaint he had contracted, for the cure of which he was obliged to undergo an operation: after this, impatient to appear, he came out too soon, and was reduced to the state in which I have described him. The rapid change of this man's health seemed to have made some feeble impression even on the inhabitants of the Palais Royal, who are insensibility itself, and though they stare at every thing, stay to reflect on nothing.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XI.

July 1791.

NOTHING can be ſo different as the French language differently pronounced, I mean in the mouths of the Pariſians themſelves; you may have heard Texier all your life, where you never loſe a word, and think you ſhould underſtand any one elſe in the ſame part; but I doubt, if you would catch one half of what was ſaid, till your ear was uſed to the difference of inflexion between the two voices. Whoſoever comes here to attend the theatres will ſoon be convinced how perfectly well Texier plays all his parts, and, what a thorough good con-

ception

ception he has of every thing he reads; and that he is alone worth a whole troop of moderate comedians. I do not mean this as a puff, becauſe if I had ſuch an intention, it would be of no uſe, for I know you have no partiality for the character.

The theatre called *le Theatre de la Nation* is a very fine thing, and what every ſtranger muſt admire. The pieces they play here have often too much reference to the Revolution, and tend to inſpire a general dread and horror at the very name of a cloiſter. For inſtance, *les Victimes Cloitrées* is ſo dreadfully fine in the hands of Fleury and Clairval, that it is impoſſible to ſee it twice; it produces the effect even upon the French women of the furies of Æſchylus, or the ſcreams of Siddons. Mademoiſelle Raucour et Mademoiſelle

moiſelle Contat are by no means fond of playing parts which are full of pointed allusions to the Revolution, and excuſe themſelves whenever it is poſſible for them to get off. All Moliere's plays are charmingly acted on the national ſtage, and particularly the *Medecin malgré lui.* When the mock doctor receives his fee, he ſays, *mais ſont ils touts de poids?* this will do for our ſtage better than for the French at preſent, where the practice of weighing the louis d'or is diſcontinued. In Deſtouches's play of the Joueur, a female uſurer is introduced, who accommodates the gameſter with a loan. The character is rare with us, but I believe you can name me a lady or two in London who carry on this golden branch of buſineſs, at a very low rate, at one per cent. but as the miſer ſays in the *Deux Avares, c'eſt par heure.*

I have been introduced to day to a man whom I was very ambitious of feeing, one of the firft Grecians and the politeft fcholars in Europe. Monfieur d'Anffe de Villoifon; I believe you are acquainted with his Daphnis and Chloe of Longus, through the medium of a French tranflation, and I think you ufed to be much pleafed with it. He has given us befides other things a very curious Homer in folio; but his great work is ftill on the anvil, I mean his Antiquities on the Grecian Iflands, or his Journey through Greece, in which he has decyphered the infcriptions that his predeceffor could not read, to which no one who has feen his dictionary of Homer will fcruple to give immediate affent. Monfieur de Villoifon has vifited the monaftic library of Mount Athos, and every other he could find in his road or out of his road. There

are many other amateurs here at Paris, who are employed in the ſtudy of the ancients, like Scaliger during the maſſacre of the Huguenots, ſecure in their elevated ſituations, and undiſturbed by the motions of the Palais Royal. Monſieur de la Rochette is preparing an edition of the Greek Anthology, in which the whole is to be included. It will be publiſhed in ſix volumes in octavo, with a very curious index, in which the Greek words will be explained, and the different ſenſes ſhown in which they are uſed not only in the Anthology in general, but alſo in its different parts. Monſieur l'Archer, whoſe notes on Herodotus are ſo learned and ſo full of information, is at work on the Etymologicon Magnum, a book that deſerves to be well edited: he has ready by him an edition of Orion Thebanus on this ſubject. There is now at Paris a re-

 markable

markable man, a Monsieur Coray, a learned Greek physician from Smyrna, who lives with a Monsieur Clavier, *ci devant Conseiller au Chatelet.* Monsieur Coray, who is not rich, could not have made a better acquaintance than Monsieur Clavier, in whose house he is lodged. Monsieur Clavier is very much at his ease, has an excellent library, is an ingenious and elegant scholar, and well informed in many branches of ancient and modern learning. Monsieur Coray, *Docteur en Medecine*, is at present employed in collating the manuscripts of the Septuagint for Mr. Holmes, but this is not what he likes best; his favourite author is Hippocrates, whom he has corrected all through in the most masterly manner, and of whom he will, it is to be hoped, publish an edition. The London physicians should set this on foot, for the thing is so well done, that I think it

would reflect great credit on the order. In the course of Monsieur Coray's correction of Hippocrates, he has restored Sophocles and Euripides, and the poets in Athenæus in the happiest manner, as Politian says,

Magna eruens sensa e penu vatum.

I could not help paying this tribute to merit, which I know is not lost upon you.

Ever your's.

LETTER XII.

July 1791.

THE lamp of the law and the light of the church were both extinguiſhed in the National Aſſembly by the death of Mirabeau, and the ſilence of the Abbè Maury. They tell you, indeed, that it was a fortunate thing for Mirabeau that he died when he did, becauſe had he lived a month longer, it muſt have come out that he was ſold. Thus much I believe, that he would undoubtedly have ſupported the monarchy againſt a republic, and have thrown his voice into the ſcale to have made the King's ſide preponderate. The monarchical form of Government, under certain

certain checks and reſtraints, is no doubt the only adminiſtration that can be adopted, and the only one under which France will ever flouriſh, or maintain her rank and reputation in commerce or in politics. In all violent alterations in politics, there is great danger of a relapſe, which makes it adviſeable in many caſes to retain the form of Government though you change the ſubſtance. Auguſtus thought proper to preſerve the name and office of conſul and tribune, when they were no longer neceſſary, but for a blind, as the power was all lodged in his own nomination, and the ſhadowy ghoſts of liberty could create no diſturbance in the breaſt of deſpotiſm by their apparitions. The figure of majeſty upon this principle ſhould be retained in France, when it is no longer poſſible for it to repeat its former exceſſes, but may have, nevertheleſs, an undiſ-

 puted

puted title to every kingly virtue that ever graced a throne, courage and generosity not excepted. The death of Mirabeau, it appears, was accelerated by want of proper attention to his case, and the application of imaginary or pre-supposed remedies, where palliatives were more immediately required. His physician was probably unacquainted with his constitution. Mirabeau, it seems, was subject to a floating humour, which sometimes showed itself in his eyes, and sometimes in his head; this humour was unfortunately locked up, and could not be brought out: the consequence was fatal, and Monsieur Petit was called in too late. The zeal of the people was great, who crowded round his door, and offered him the best of their blood. At the sale of his furniture and wardrobe, this zeal, I make no doubt, will show itself conspicuously; his books, how-

however, are not to be ſold till December, with his cameos and entaglios. His houſe is by no means a houſe to ſhow, and yet many go to ſee it as having belonged to a great man. The books which are diſperſed above ſtairs and below, all over the apartments, are very fine, and often ſuperb both in condition and in binding. The ſtreet is called after his name, and is become a very faſhionable reſidence. The houſe of Mademoiſelle Guimarre is in this ſtreet. You know the ſtile of theſe elegancies with which Paris abounds, where every apartment is finiſhed like a ſnuff-box. Mademoiſelle Guimarre's houſe was built by ſubſcription, and diſpoſed of by lottery. It is ſuppoſed to have coſt the Prince de Soubiſe, Monſieur de la Borde, and ſomebody elſe, about twenty-eight thouſand pounds. It was put into a lottery of two hundred livres a ticket, and

and won by Monſieur le Marquis d'Alle-mand, and ſold to its preſent poſſeſſor for ſomething more than ſix thouſand pounds. Adieu,

Ever your's.

LETTER XIII.

THE Baſtile, with all its dungeons, is not yet completely demoliſhed, and there ſtill remains enough to trace the diſpoſition of the whole, and its parts; you may ſtill deſcend into the ſubterraneous priſons, and ſee where the irons were faſtened, that chained the unfortunate perſons who were the objects of detention. You have an accurate repreſentation at one of the theatres, on the Boulevards, of the manner of treating great priſoners at the Baſtile; the character of the Governor is indeed a little exaggerated, and the ſcene is blacker and more horrid than the reality, but the great features

tures are, probably, too much like the original. The Baſtile, nevertheleſs, was a much more comfortable place than thoſe who were the objects of its perſecutions have ever been willing to allow. It was warm in winter, and cool in ſummer; thanks to the thickneſs of its walls, it preſerved the temperature of a cellar, and was ever in the ſame ſtate, independent of the external air in great meaſure, and unaffected by the great extremes of heat and cold. But a palace that detains a man againſt his will, without aſſigning a cauſe, and without the judgement of his Peers, though its floors are of ſatin-wood, and its walls of alabaſter, is the ſeat of horror and abomination, and ſhould be conſecrated to deſtruction.

The cauſes of imprisonment were ſometimes perfectly groundleſs, and often frivolous and vexatious. I know of none more ſo than the following.—Monſieur René Auguſte Conſtantius de Renneville was thrown into the Baſtile May 16, 1702, and kept there till May 16, 1713, for an innocent parody on ſome verſes on France and Spain in alliance with Auſtria, in which there was an alluſion to the terms of the game of piquet. The verſes were as follow, in which *Quinte et Quatorze* mean Philippe the Fifth and Louis the Fourteenth.

Contre Quinte et Quatorze on n'a jamais beau jeu,
On eſt meme aſſuré de perdre la partie :
Des plus ſages conſeils toute la force unie,
Ne ſert de rien, ou ſert de peu ;
Peuples qui vous liguez, qu'avez vous qui balance,
Ou votre perte ou votre gain ?
Combattant l'Eſpagne et la France,
Vous trouverez toujours Quinte et Quatorze en main.

Monſieur

Monſieur de Renneville wrote an anſwer to theſe verſes, which procured him the honours of the Baſtile during eleven years. The parody is very ingenious, and ſhould have been rewarded, and not puniſhed.

Contre Quinte et Quatorze on peut faire beau jeu,
On eſt meme aſſuré de gagner la partie ;
Aux plus ſages conſeils notre force eſt unie ;
Votre Quatorze eſt nul, votre Quinte eſt trop peu,
Le ciel qui voit ce jeu fait pencher la ballance.
Pour votre perte, et notre gain.
Nous ferons un repic, et l'Eſpagne, et la France
Se trouveront Capot, Quinte et Quatorze en main.

Now the Baſtile is removed, there is nothing but the river to prevent the junction of the old and new Boulevards, and you may walk from the bridge of Louis XVI. to the ſame point, almoſt the whole way through an avenue of tall trees.

trees. The circuit is confiderable, and more than the beft walkers can perform with eafe in a day. The new inclofure, though a wretched political expedient, and defervedly much abufed, is, no doubt, a very fine thing in its execution, I am forry to hear that it is to be pulled down for the fake of the materials. This *nouvelle enceinte*, as it is called, paffes at the foot of Montmartre, and takes in the fuburbs of Saint Anthony and the village of Chaillot, which made them all fubject to the *droits d'entrées*, that now exift no longer; therefore the new wall is ufelefs. The Calembourg made upon the inclofure at the time I remember to have heard, and very good it was in its way.

Mur-murant Paris,
Rend Paris murmurant.

The

The immenſe ſums of money ſpent on this wall, might have been employed to better account by making foot-paths in the great ſtreets, by dreſſing up a little the ragged banks of the Seine, and veiling the mouths of the great drains, and carrying off the ſoil by an increaſe of ſtream. When the Conſtitution ſhall once be completed, and it is certain that the King will remain at Paris, and reign over his ſubjects, I imagine the inhabitants will turn their thoughts towards the interior works of ornament and decoration.

When a great man comes upon the carpet, every thing that is known is related of him; ſince Monſ. de Bouilli's letter, his converſation with the King of Pruſſia is come out. *Il y a, Sire, et je les*

connois,

connois, 25 entrées à la France, cà peut bien être dit le Roi, mais je ne connois point de ſortie.

Ever your's.

LETTER XIV.

PARIS *eſt le bureau d'invention,* or the ſource of originality in patterns, and in plays. No new faſhion ventures to appear, for the firſt time, elſewhere, and though the French ſeem to copy us ſometimes, yet the imitation is chiefly confined to boots, breeches, and beefſteaks. I ſaw laſt night a comedy called *L'Intrigue Epiſtolaire,* which I ſhould not be ſurprized to find upon the Engliſh ſtage next winter, with certain references to a recent tranſaction; indeed, I think that the principal actor in that buſineſs might be at this moment well employed in a liberal tranſlation of the French piece.

piece. No one, most certainly, is better qualified, or more able to do justice to an original work on epistolary intrigue, for the reason that D'Alembert gives in his Essay on Men of Letters.— *Il en est du merite de l'homme comme de ses ouvrages: Personne ne peut mieux les juger, que lui, parce que personne ne les a vus de plus près, ni de plus long tems.* But, seriously, the Epistolary intrigue may be acted on the English stage, with fewer alterations than it is in general found necessary, in presenting the comic muse of France by John Bull in an English dress. The piece has had a great run here, and depends more on trick than on acting or decoration. At a time when the town and all its eleven theatres are full of republican pieces, this little incident of common life is a very seasonable relief; and more particularly so at the moment

 when

when a tragedy called Waſhington has been announced, and many others of Roman ſtory; ſo that we are ſure to be gorged with the Majeſty of the people. At the theatre of Monſieur, where the Italian operas are repreſented, I was charmed with the diſtribution of the houſe, and all its parts, where every one ſees equally well, with ſome very few exceptions. The lightneſs of the pillars, and the elegance of the arabeſques, throw an air of enchantment over the whole, and you conceive yourſelf in Italy. The manner of lighting the houſe is alſo very ornamental, and produces a clear and ſufficient illumination without any partial glare. The French piece I ſaw here has a rich and attractive title— *L'Hiſtoire Univerſelle*, or Every Man's Caſe. We are all diſcontented, but without any cauſe. An Engliſhman might learn

learn ſomething from it, eſpecially from the burden of the ſong, which ſays, *Il faut perir, il faut perir, mais il n'y a pas de quoi.*

A Frenchman who, when he has ſpent all his money, lives upon the women, and for their ſakes only, can never ſee any reaſon to deſtroy himſelf, becauſe his life is a burden to him; the inſtances of ſuicide are rare, except in Normandy, where the inhabitants are found hanging now and then on their own apple-trees. The truth of this opinion appears clearly by the verdict paſſed not long ago on a Pariſian, who had killed himſelf: the verdict of the Coroner was—*Mort par excés de liberté.* The blame, therefore, is to be laid on the new ſyſtem, for liberty was the *terra incognita* of the old Government. Women are certainly va-

luable where they preſerve the lives of the men, and they do more in this country, they command them; ſince, in ſpite of the Salique law, they contrive to be always on the throne. At this moment, however they may appear to be committed in the diſgrace of their chief, they are by no means ſo oppreſſed, or ſo humbled, as to be incapable of recovering their univerſal aſcendency, let matters take what turn they will.

This is the day of the expoſition of the King's *garde meuble*, which is under one of the colonnades of the place Louis XV. It conſiſts of armour, tapeſtry, and horſe furniture, given to the King of France by Said Mehemet; and of a great variety of agates, jaſpers, diamonds, pearls, and other precious ſtones, to a very conſiderable amount, with ſome

other antique cameos, and intaglios, and ſmall bronzes. The armour of Henry IV. is very intereſting to an admirer of that great man; he wore it thirty years, *c'eſt à dire, pendant* 30 *ans, il fut preſque toujours à cheval, et le harnois ſur le dos,** but he wore it a day too little, for on the fatal fourteenth of May, *dans la rue de la Feronnerie,* he had no protection againſt the knife of the aſſaſſin.

* L'Amour de Henri IV. poûr les lettres, p. 100, notes.

LETTER XV.

July 15.

I WAS happy to ſee, by your letter of to-day, which is only the ſecond I have received ſince I left you, that the heat does not incommode you, though I really pity your climate, which is ſtill too cold to permit you to enjoy the evening whiſper, till midnight; when, at Paris, we have it, for this year at leaſt, in as great perfection as in the Corſo at Rome.

A match broke off may be great news, but ſad intelligence, unleſs it be abſoſolutely true, *Qu'il y a toujours quelque choſe dans les malheurs de nos meilleurs amis*

 qui

qui ne nous deplait pas. God forbid! for ſhould I once conceive it to be ſo, I might not, probably, look upon the man, (you know him) to be ſo great a madman, who goes about ſaying, "The beſt thing "is not to be born, but if you are, the "next beſt is to die as early as poſſible." Rocheſoucault, with all his ſagacity, ſeems to have been an ill-natured fellow, and ſaw every thing blacker than it was, and, one would think, had to do with nothing but villains and ſcoundrels. For my own part, I confeſs to you, though you have no right to exact it, that every other man I meet has as many good points, as bad, and that poor human nature is ſadly libelled and degraded, when the heart is deſcribed univerſally as a lump of intereſt and deſign, as full of brains as the head, and the index of its love, charity, and affection, is made to point only to itſelf.

There

There is a good exhibition in wax of Mirabeau on his death-bed, at the entrance of the *Palais Royal*, which does not fail to catch all comers; over it is written, *vivre libre ou mourir*; which is like Salluſt, *melius liberum mori quam ſervum vivere.* You have been told, that Mirabeau was ſubject to violent paſſions; nothing is ſo true. When he was much inflamed, and a little thing would do it, he was like a mad bull, and his neck ſwelled till the ſinews cracked with ſtraining: at theſe moments it was impoſſible to approach him, and his ſervants all got out of his way, and though he ſtormed and bellowed, no ſoul would come near him for five minutes, when his paſſion ſubſided, and he became meek as a lamb, and mild as Marmontel's hero, *après le gain d'une bataille.*

I ſhall enliven this letter by a ſhort copy of verſes from the *Almanach des Muſes*, addreſſed to a Lady, who had ſent her correſpondent a kiſs in a letter:

Vous m'envoyer ſur le papier
Un baiſer qui bien peu me touche;
Baiſer qui vient par le courier,
Pourroit-il chatouiller ma bouche?
Votre chimerique faveur
Me laiſſe froid comme du marbre;
Et ce fruit n'a point de ſaveur,
Quand il n'eſt pas cueilli ſur l'arbre.

Par M. M* *

IMITATION.

A kiſs in vain your lips impreſs,
Which ne'er arrives at its addreſs;
A kiſs that's ſent us by the poſt,
E'er it can reach the mouth, is loſt.
No thanks are due for ſuch a boon,
Which leaves one colder than a ſtone.
Kiſſes are taſteleſs fruits, you know,
Unleſs they're gathered where they grow.

Adieu. Ever your's.

LETTER XVI.

THERE are more ſtrange ſights at Paris than any where elſe, and, what in Shakeſpeare's time was called odd fiſhes, from all parts of the world. Beſides the grand couvert on the Boulevards, and Mirabeau, Rouſſeau, and Voltaire; beſides Mirabeau tonneau; beſides all the deputies at the Palais Royal; you have every nation under the ſun, from Siam to California, in the ſtreets, in their proper habiliments. Turks and Armenians in petticoats, Heyducs abundant, and Huſſars without number; with every third man a Jew, a Pander, a Coſſac, a Paul Jones, a nephew of Franklin, or a deſerter from the rebel Princes,

Princes, Monſieur Bouilli, or the Turkiſh army. Then comes an equeſtrian ordonnance from La Fayette, for which every thing muſt turn out; or a daſhing Cabriolet, which runs over every thing; and as all theſe things are curious, and objects of attention, it is natural to take a view of them; but the moment you look back, you are loſt, for if you do not advance, you are ſure to retreat, and be carried away by the flood; it is not poſſible to ſtand ſtill and ſtare. Nor, indeed, can you do this in London, even where you are protected by a foot-path from horſes and carriages; but in London the temptation is not the ſame, and Gay's rules for walking the ſtreets would not apply at all to a Pariſian. But the care that every body takes, who is at all practiſed in the thing, to protect the head, which is dreſſed for all day, and the heels that are not to be

ſoiled,

ſoiled, is ſufficient to keep both in order; provided the weather is auſpicious, dry over head and under foot, for a French curl will ſtand any thing ſhort of a hurricane. You knew a Frenchman formerly by his ſhoes, which were badly cleaned, and often clumſily made, but now every ſhoe ſhines like a poliſhed mirror, and defies duſt and dirt, and is ſo highly varniſhed, that water will run off from them. This is no Engliſh blacking, but a ſhining compoſition of their own, which is diſagreeable to the eye, and looks as if your ſhoe had been dipt in boiling pitch. The ſigns at Paris are often curious where one can ſtop to read them. One man writes over his door, *Caffé du prophete Elie*; another, *L'hotel du petit Moyſe*; a third, a barber, *Ici on rajeunit*. Upon the *quay de la Greve*, the ſign repreſents a ſmith's ſhop; upon the anvil is the head of a woman,

upon

upon which two men are at work with their hammers: in the fire is another head, and in the corner of the ſhop is a baſket full. Beneath the picture is an explication as follows:

Maitre Luſtucrû a trouvé le ſecret de reforger, et polir les têtes des femmes acâriatres, criardes, diableſſes, fantaſques, glorieuſes, inſupportables, mechantes, teſties, pigrieches: les riches en payant, les pauvres gratis.

This is what Voltaire ſomewhere calls *l'eſprit fait ſur l'enclume*; I wonder the fiſh women have not long ago pulled down the man's houſe, but the truth is, that they do not ſeem to take the affront, though there is quite room enough for offence: the ſign is large, and the picture is by no means a daubing; on the contrary,

it

it is ſo well done, as to be horrid and diſguſting in the extreme; conceive an aſs loaded with two baſkets full of female heads raw and bloody. I am under the neceſſity of obliging every body to whom I tell this ſtory, to go and ſee, or they would never believe.—Adieu,

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

July 1791.

WE are at preſent in a ſtate of great tranquillity, and live very peaceably for the moſt part, if you except the commotions and inward workings occaſioned *par le levain de la fuite du Roi.* There are now on ſale ſome very fine books of a Monſieur Mel de St. Ceran, by de Bure, but no bargains are to be had, and the impatience, I am told, of the bidders for the fine articles is ſo great, that if you are reſolved to have any thing, you muſt give an exorbitant price. For inſtance, they puſhed the Aldus Plato to three hundred and ſixty livres, and Gli Ragionamenti di

Aretino to ſeventy-ſeven livres, only becauſe it was in Morocco; I could have bought a fine one, the ſame edition, in leſs ſplendid binding, for thirty-five, I believe for leſs. There is a Monſieur Rennoi here, who has collected fine books for many years, and has ſome very curious things. The famous library of the Marquis de Paulmy is ſtill at the arſenal, and the property of the Comte d'Artois. It will probably come into the hands of the creditors of his Highneſs. The hour of ſale of Monſieur de St. Ceran's books is at ſix in the evening, when it is not poſſible to attend; orders, however, are eaſily given, when you wiſh to have a thing; and as I have ſent you the catalogue, I am perfectly at your diſpoſal in that and every other commiſſion. The pretrieſt theatre at Paris is the theatre of Mademoiſelle Montanſier; here they play Le

Sourd,

Sourd, which is much better imagined than our Deaf Lover, though the ways and means are the ſame in both pieces. In the French piece the pleaſant character is a ridiculous buffoon, that ſays a hundred good things and is the ſupport of the farce. By the addreſs of the pretended deaf lover, this buffoon is cheated of his dinner and his bed, and as the inn is full, he is obliged to make himſelf a bed of chairs, with the aſſiſtance of napkins for ſheets, and an extemporary night-cap from the ſupper-table. He does this very adroitly, and keeps the houſe in a roar the whole time. At length, every thing being ready, he lies down in his cloaths, and amidſt the thouſand and one projects which he forms for his future happineſs, his great deſign is to marry his aunt, who is old and ugly, but rich. Thus he talks himſelf to ſleep; his voice

fâlling gradually, and the curtain deſcending ſlowly, the firſt act concludes. But the cream of the jeſt is his reflection at the end of his project, with which the curtain drops and he falls aſleep. *On veut dit il, que j'epouſerois une grande tante que j'ai, qui eſt très riche; mais une petite reflexion que je viens de faire m'empeche; ſi j'epouſe ma tante, je ſerai donc mon oncle.*

You know we had heard before I left England, of the fracas that happened at a certain houſe at Paris the night that Mirabeau was buried, how the Poiſſardes made a forcible entry, and ſtripped the females, ill uſed them, and left them naked. By what I can find, every particle of the report is exactly true; and though it may ſeem an unpleaſant reflection that your houſe is not your caſtle, and that you cannot do as you will with-

in

in your own walls, yet the indiſcretion, you will allow, is extreme, to open a houſe of feaſting in the face of a funeral proceſſion for the firſt man in the country, to inſult the ſolemn dirge with jigs and cotillions—

> " And mock the patriot woe
> " With midnight dances, and a public ſhow."

Here is, I am told, at Paris, at this moment, an agent who wants to borrow forty thouſand pounds for an heir to a great eſtate, but in the name of wonder how is he to borrow money at five or ſix per cent. which ſells for twelve? Will any ariſtocrate lend his money to a foreigner at half price, becauſe he expects to ſee the aſſignats at ninety per cent. diſcount? I cannot be perſuaded that three men in Paris ſeriouſly entertain ſuch an opinion.

The ſpecie has diſappeared, that is moſt certain, and we know the reaſon why; it is gone to the emigrants; it is remitted to pay debts in commerce; it is ſold daily, and immenſe fortunes have been already made by the traffic; it is locked up in the coffers of the timid, who do not choſe to truſt the ſtate-paper. Theſe are the people of whom you muſt borrow, and ſome poſſibly you may find, who will lend at five or ſix per cent. on good ſecurity, ſooner than buy aſſignats at 12 per cent. advantage.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

July 1791.

THE funeral pomp of Voltaire is just over; I cannot say I think it was a fine thing; but as a tub to the whale, *à la bonne heure! encore passe!* You know Voltaire was no favourite of mine, but as a fine writer and a great poet; there was nothing in the man that deserved to be so recorded; for what was he but an abettor of tyranny and encroaching despotism, when he complimented Catharine the Second with the title of the Northern Star, and named himself the high priest of her temple, and for what? For dismembering Poland, partitioning its provinces,

 and

and baniſhing to Siberia the brave confederates, whom ſhe is pleaſed to call the mutineers of Poland. The remonſtrances againſt his deification were very ſtrong on the ſide of all ſerious men, and well-wiſhers to good manners and uncorrupt integrity. But the people muſt be amuſed. The French are given much to make gods of their heroes; they made Veſtris the god of dance, with which I find no fault, as it was *ſans ceremonie*. Now the pageant of Voltaire was a ſerious evil to the country in the preſent impoveriſhed ſtate of its finances, and, after all, not well executed. The argument from Calonne is a weak one, and does not apply. What, ſay the Journaliſts, ſhall the nation pay twelve thouſand pounds *pour faire coucher Calonne avec une coquine*, and refuſe to pay one thouſand *pour faire coucher Voltaire avec une ſainte*; for he was buried

by

by the ſide of Mirabeau *chez la Ste. Genevieve.* The National Aſſembly paid extraordinary honours to the Abbé l'Epée, *pour avoir crée des organes aux ſourds et aux muets*; and to Mirabeau, becauſe he had been the principal pillar of the Revolution; but to Voltaire ſtill greater, becauſe he had taken the lead in writing down the monaſtic orders, though at the ſame time that he fired upon the monks, he levelled his artillery againſt every ſacred inſtitution, and endeavoured to laugh the world out of its religion. As to his ſervices to the ſtate, in preaching liberty, and the downfal of deſpotiſm, Rouſſeau deſerved a greater recompence than he at the hands of his country, and had more zeal and more eloquence, and was what Voltaire himſelf ſays of a brother poet,

"Precheur adroit, fabricateur des oracles."

I at-

I attended the pageant of the poet of Ferney, but it was ſpoilt in great meaſure by a wet day, and owed much of its failure of ſucceſs to the badneſs of the weather. The people were a little out of humour with the rain. The women ſaid the *Bon Dieu* was ariſtocrate, and the Journaliſts in ſpeaking of the fête ſay, *La nation devant le theatre de la nation devoit produire plus d'effets; mais la pluie qui veut être abſolument de toutes les fêtes nationales obligea le cortege de ſe precipiter vers Ste. Genevieve.* I cannot, however, praiſe the triumphal car; as a machine *à l'antique*, it was incorrectly conceived, as a piece of modern production, it was heavy and clumſy. The horſes, twelve in number, were beautiful in the extreme; they were white, and eight of them came from the ſtables of Monſieur, the King's brother, and four from Beaumarchais.

The

The figure of Voltaire lying upon its back on the car produced but a sorry effect, especially when, on account of the unevenness of the pavement, it could not be kept steady; the right arm too was dislocated by the repeated joltings of the carriage, and hung down like the arm of a malefactor broke upon the wheel. The show, nevertheless, gave universal satisfaction, and did not arrive at the cloister where the body was to be interred, till after nine o'clock at night: I say the body, but more properly what was left of the body. It seems that Voltaire had expressly desired, that a quantity of quick lime should be put into the coffin at his burial, and when the coffin was opened at Romilly, in order to see what state he was in, they found him all consumed, and nothing left but a bone or two, perhaps, and the dust which the wind blew into

their

their eyes. They ſhut up the caſe and reported the poet in excellent preſervation. I cannot ſay of Voltaire at his death, as has been ſaid of ſome great men, that he was the object of my conſtant envy, or of my perpetual imitation. There is one thing, however, peculiar to this great and renowned martyr to celebrity, if I may ſo call him, in which every man would wiſh to reſemble him; he ſlept away his life, and died without a pang; having drank more coffee than uſual in order to give him a flow of ſpirits and imagination, for the finiſhing the tragedy which he had in hand; he thought it proper to correct the heat of the coffee by an increaſed portion of opium, accordingly he took a double doſe, fell aſleep, and never waked again.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

THINGS, you obſerve, are mightily changed in this country; it is very true, there is neither province nor baillage, order nor nobility, in their ſtead you have department, ſection, equality, and citizenſhip. The rule of the Medes and Perſians does not obtain here, the language is, *Volumus leges Franciæ mutari*; and I confeſs that in the moſt eſſential matters, it was not before the amendment was wanted that the change took place. But in many points that concern the clergy, the nobility, and all rank and order in the ſtate, I really think that the *nous avons*

changé tout cela betrays the ignorance of the mock doctor without the pleaſantry. The Government, if it may ſo be called, is at preſent *un fier hochepot*, a wretched jumble of half and half parties; for ſince the ſilence of the *coté droit* in the Aſſembly, the *coté gauche* begins to divide, and the fierce republicans are left to quarrel among themſelves. You aſk me what is become of the King's friends; where are the Princes? Why, in Germany, debating like Prince Volſcius, Duke of Ormond, in one boot, whether it is beſt to fall on, or to come in. The Prince of Condé has good reaſon to return, and if he could once get a little cool, I ſhould imagine his loſſes in the Clermontois and his government of Burgundy, of fifty thouſand a year ſterling, would bring him to his ſenſes, and make him come back to ſave the remnant. The

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only ſenſible Prince is the Prince of Conti, and he has been long returned from his error into the boſom of his country; and reaſons well, that once a Prince always a Prince; this conſoles him for loſs of title, but had he remained with the rebels, the caſe would have been different; once Lord Paramount is not always Lord Paramount, for he is well acquainted with the proverb and the truth of it. *Nul Seigneur ſans terre.* Then again the Abſentee-tax, which is juſt paſſed, comforts him anew, ſince a triple contribution is no trifle whether the property be large or ſmall. The Duke of Orleans, you know, is here at Paris, and attends his duty in Parliament, and votes *per ſe* moſt popularly. The ſketch or bare outline of this great man's conduct cannot be drawn in a ſingle letter; we muſt talk him over.

They

They have a pleaſant way of changing Engliſh prints in this place, and giving them new names. For inſtance, Garrick between tragedy and comedy, is a hero *entre le vice et la vèrtu*, and Bunbury's print of the barber's ſhop is the political barber, who ſhaves the three eſtates.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XX.

THE castle of St. Germain en Laye is curious in the eye of an Englishman, because it was the residence of James the Second, and his Court, after his abdication. The situation is very fine, and puts you in mind of Windsor; the Mall and the Bowling-green, which you find here, were both, I imagine, designed to amuse the last unhappy royal visitor; the great terrace is considerably more than a mile long, and about eighty or ninety feet wide: you have a fine distant view of Paris on the side of the river from the castle, which the King gave to the Comte d'Artois, who has sold it.

It is a pleaſant excurſion to this place by the poſt; you muſt ſet out early in the morning, and return late, to have the whole day at your diſpoſal, which is not too much for the object in view. As the Thuilleries are at this moment ſhut up, even to the paſſage of the Deputies, when you return to town, the cooleſt place to drive to in an evening, is the Palais Roïal, where you are ſure to find a ſeat, and be amuſed with the buz of a well dreſſed crowd; well and ill, it ſhould be ſaid, for of all the figures that inhabit the purlieus of the Fleet, and of all the ſhabby genteels of the King's Bench Priſon, none can ſurpaſs the rags and the filth, the greaſe and the ſnuff of the Palais Roïal, and that too careleſsly aſſociated with the *premier elegant du jardin.* It was formerly enough to have a window and a chimney in the capital.

Madame de Staal tells us, that ſhe had an apartment, *un recoin*, where ſhe could not ſtand upright, but it was at Paris. Now, indeed, the great felicity is to look into the Palais Roïal; a wretched garret that commands a view of this palace of pleaſure, is hired at a high price, and taken as ſoon as it can be procured with the greateſt avidity. The attachment of all ranks to this ſink of corruption, can be equalled by nothing ſhort of the affection of a Mexican for his capital, who bargains with his confeſſor for a window in Heaven to look at Mexico—

Una ventana di cielo per mirar Mexico.

Formerly you were ſure to ſee ſome of the beſt company in Paris between one and two o'clock in the great alley of the Palais Roïal; at preſent, even if the ſame com-

pany exifted, no body would come for the fame purpofe, becaufe the tufted trees are laid low, and the faplins have no head; the heat of the weather, and the reflection from the new buildings, has ftripped almoft every other tree of its leaves, and killed every third. The place too is fo choaked with fhops, of which every other is ferved by females, who fell every thing even to themfelves, that the air you breathe is fcarcely pure. A fmall fhop, with a room of the fame fize behind, about ten feet by fix, lets for eight louis d'ors a month. Three fides of the Palais Roïal contain two hundred arcades, which are reckoned to bring in from the garret to the cellar, one hundred guineas a year each. In this account the barracks, or extemporary wooden buildings, which are built for ten years only, are not included. Here a fmall

fhop,

ſhop, ten or twelve feet by ſeven, lets for a hundred livres a month: theſe barracks complete the ſquare of the gardens. Monſieur d'Orleans, it ſeems, has diſpoſed of the perpetuity * of this eſtate, and has reſerved nothing to himſelf but his own palace, of which he can hardly command the approach. In filling up the grand alley with houſes, he has only done what Cardinal Richlieu did before him, who let the garden-grounds of his town houſes upon building leaſes.

The Palais Roïal is the centre of politics as well as of pleaſure, and is often ſo extravagant in both, that the military police is obliged to interfere in order to preſerve peace and propriety: the groups, however loud and outrageous, it muſt be

* That is, for ninety years, *par un bail amphitheotique.*

ſaid to their credit, are eaſily diſperſed and ſwept away by the patrole, and I never ſaw the leaſt attempt at reſiſtance to the fixed bayonet: To talk about it, and about it, ſeems the great motive to aſſemble in knots and circles, where the ſame people will ſometimes remain from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon without ſtirring; and if you aſſiſt for five minutes at any time at their debates, you will be ſure to hear *l'ordre du jour* called for, though frequently to no purpoſe: for my part, I believe they vote themſelves the National Aſſembly in miniature, and are amuſed in diſcuſſing the matter over again that paſſed the day before. As to plots or counter-plots, they ſeem, whatever they may form, to execute none of them. In the infancy of a new Government every man is a ſtateſman, and thinks himſelf fit to

be

be at the helm, and is desirous of practising on his own circle; for in these groups you will observe some one man listened to during the whole day, and this is he who has the good fortune to begin first, and never stop.

The character of the French, and the present times, is well described by somebody in the following lines:

Ces tems heureux marqués par la license,
Où la folie agitant son grelot,
D'un pied leger parcourt toute la France,
—Où nul mortel veut être devot,
Où l'on fait tout excepté penitence;
Le bon Regent de son Palais Röïal,
Des voluptés donne à tous le signal.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXI.

I DON'T know if you ever viſited the Scots College when you were at Paris: it is ſtill in exiſtence, and ſtands erect amidſt the cruſh of other monaſtic orders; the rector's name too is Gordon, though not the ſame man that was rector when you were laſt here. This College is now more curious than it ever was, and a greater object of reſearch, becauſe, by interference and protection it has, with ſix or ſeven conventual houſes, Engliſh and Iriſh, outlived the Revolution. It is, indeed, very poor, having been ruined in the year forty-five, when it fed and lodged its five thouſand daily for a conſiderable

ſiderable time, an expence which nothing leſs than a miracle, and not of the Abbé Paris, could ſupport. The curioſities of this collegiate houſe have been much dwelt upon by hiſtorians, and much uſe has been made of them. There is one, however, that I ſhould like to have turned out upon the world, if not the whole, at leaſt in part, and that is a Perſian tranſlation of Homer of an early date. I wiſh ſome Pariſian Orientaliſt, who is no politician, would give us a literal verſion of the firſt book.

The Scots nation may be called the favourite of France, ſince it was excepted from the *Droit d'Aubaine*, and permitted to inherit from ſtrangers who happened to die in France. Albanus, a Scotchman, was the firſt inſtance of the exception, and from him came the name

of

of the law, *Droit d'Aubaine*, by that sort of figure which calls a thing by its contrary or oppoſite, *per antiphraſin*, like *lucus a non lucendo, et mortmain quia manus non moritur, parcæ quia non parcunt*. From *Albanus* we have *Albanagium*, which confirms the truth of the etymology.

I forgot to tell you, in ſpeaking of Voltaire's funeral pomp, that I was placed on the Boulevards, in order to ſee it paſs, in the neighbourhood of two remarkable houſes, one the reſidence of Beaumarchais himſelf, who has erected a temple and a ſtatue to his divinity, Voltaire; and the other, the retreat of the Abbé de la Chaiſe, Confeſſor to Louis XIV. It is hardly worth while to carry you back to this point, if it were not for the ſatisfaction of ſeeing where men who are much talked of live or die.

The journalists compare the leaders of the emigrants to Pompey, who bound himself by an oath, to treat all those as enemies who hesitated to embrace his cause: but Cæsar, that favourite of fortune, who was born to controul the events of chance and hazard, gave out that he should consider all those as fighting for him, who did not fight against him; and Cæsar's party was victorious. With some of you in England, I am told, that the first question is, if La Fayette is not hanged yet? and the first toast after dinner is, Confusion to the Mayor of Varennes. But it does not signify, the die is cast, and the Revolution must stand, in spite of any efforts to the contrary beyond the Rhine; the seeds of ruin and dissolution, if they ever spring up, will grow at home. The royal cause, however, has more active friends here than there, and many, who see the mis-

chiefs

chiefs of a Republic, are resolved to reinstate the King, with certain checks and restraints, that shall fetter him, to the utter prevention of all vaulting in future. We shall be better judges when the Constitution, or *Magna Charta*, is once finished, and the whole that relates to his Majesty, shall be presented in one comprehensive point of view. Then will come the revision, and many things, no doubt, will wear an entire new face before they are proposed for acceptance. Nothing can stamp the acts of the Assembly with greatness, but the certain expectation of their durability.

Rien n'est grand sans l'espoir de l'immortalité.

It is to no purpose, but for the rhyme, that Monf. de la Harpe tells us, in his Eloge of Voltaire,

Le peuple est eclairé, l'homme pense, il est libre.
Tous les droits ont leur juste equilibre;

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When nothing is duly balanced; or that the people are enlightened, when they are blind with rage; or that they think, when they follow a mad leader, or that they are free, when they are at the beck of one tyrant, or of thirty. Apropos to the ſubject, a man has been juſt now thrown into the baſon of the Palais Roïal, for attempting to read ſomething in extenuation of the conduct of the King. They call this ceremony *baſſiner un Ariſtocrate*.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

I AM juſt now returned from the Chámp de Mars, and the Federation, which tells you the day of the month. There is ſomething very pleaſant in a date, and yet I am not irreproachable on this head, as I often omit it. The ceremony was performed with great *eclat*, the aſſembly numerous, and the *eſplanade* before the *ecole militaire*, with its amphitheatre, and the Altar of Liberty in the centre, preſented altogether a ſight truly great and magnificent. From the Military School to the bottom of the Champ de Mars, that is, to the commencement

of the amphitheatre, is nearly half a mile. I cannot pretend to ſay what number of people, were preſent at the Federation, but whatever it was, it did not exceed one half of the numbers of the laſt year, which, you know, was the year of its inſtitution. The fourteenth of July was a very pleaſant day, and by no means too hot, but there was a good deal of wind, which made it difficult for the officiating prieſt to keep the hoſt upon the plate, as the lighteſt breeze would have blown it away, and then the embarraſſment would have been great indeed; he covered it, however, with the patelle, and removed the difficulty. In caſe, at any time, of the hoſt's falling, it muſt be covered with a napkin, till water can be got to waſh the place, as ſoon as the ſeveral parts of the conſe-

crated wafer have been carefully collected; then the floor must be scraped, and licked with the tongue, so that every particle, even the smallest, may be taken up. It happened, not long ago, that a box full of holy wafers was let fall on the pavement at the St. Eustache, and scattered to a considerable distance on the floor; in consequence of which an act of purification took place, which lasted the whole day.

All ranks seemed to be highly delighted with the civil and religious ceremony of this day, and waited with great patience for the Deputies from the National Assembly, who arrived about two o'clock. The people had been on the ground at least five hours before the ceremony began. Monf. de la Fayette, and his friend, an Englishman, were the most

conſpicuous figures; the Engliſhman, who was mounted on one of Monſ. de la Fayette's horſes, accompanied the General through the lines, and remained with him the whole day; the General himſelf rode three different horſes that day, a white, an iron-grey, and a cream colour. The numbers, at leaſt the computed numbers, preſent the firſt year at the Champ de Mars, were three hundred thouſand, beſides ſixty thouſand provincial troops, and forty thouſand Pariſian guards, which you are to divide by two for the preſent year. I cannot ſay, I believe at all in this calculation, but it is not poſſible for an unpractiſed eye to judge of numbers with any ſort of accuracy.

I returned home at four o'clock very well ſatisfied with my expedition, but not

without ſome apprehenſion, that in a few years the prieſts would be left to ſay Maſs to the troops and the Deputies.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

July 18.

THERE is always ſomething that goes wrong here every fourteen or fifteen days, and ſometimes much oftener. We were all laſt Friday turned out of the Italian theatre, which was ordered to be ſhut by a crowd of vagabonds, who amuſed themſelves by running about the town, and alarming every body, becauſe the National Aſſembly had thought proper to decree, that the King was inviolable. A guard comes into the playhouſe, grounds his firelock, and cries, *Il faut ceſſer*; the company immediately ran out of the houſe, and left Zemire and her ſiſters to

enjoy the confuſion, and the holiday. As ſoon as we got into the ſtreet we found the alarm was ridiculous, and without foundation; but the players had, with a precaution moſt laudable, ſhut their doors upon us, and cut off our return, ſo that we were fairly frightened out of our amuſement. The ſame thing happened at another houſe the next night, when a letter was thrown upon the ſtage, and the audience inſiſted on its being read: it was accordingly read aloud by the principal actor, and its contents were, that in the preſent ſituation of affairs, the only piece that could be repreſented with propriety on that, or any other ſtage, was *La Mort de Ceſar*. The reader, in compliance with this demand, ſaid, the piece was got up, and would be played in a day or two. A voice from the pit cried, the letter did not expreſs the

the ſentiments of the company preſent, but had been thrown on the ſtage by a perſon who had left the houſe as ſoon as he had done it. The piece was accordingly only promiſed, and never afterwards announced.

The idea of a republican form of government was treated with ridicule in the National Aſſembly by Barnave; and America, with its immenſe foreſts and uninhabited plains, ſhewn to have no points of compariſon with France, where the manners were poliſhed and corrupt, and where the enemy was at the gates. A republic was not made for a country ſo ſituated, and to ſet up ſuch a government was to ſuppoſe a political romance, which could be conſidered in no other light than as viſionary and chimerical. France muſt be governed by a King, and

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he muſt be inviolable, if the King is not inviolable, he is no longer King, ſince every citizen has it in his power to accuſe him, and call him to account.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

July 18.

PARIS is at this moment in a ferment; the Palais Roïal is full of motion-makers, and every night the guards are obliged to parade from eight till ten, in order to disperse the groups which form themselves again, as soon as the patrole is passed through them. They demand that the King should be put upon his trial, and insist that the eighty-three departments shall be consulted on the occasion, and that the National Assembly is insufficient of itself to dispose of the King. They hold their meetings at the Altar of the Champ de Mars, and have a petition to

be ſigned by the whole body ready drawn up for the purpoſe of gaining time, and preventing the Aſſembly from pronouncing deciſively on the fate of the King. The Aſſembly, apprehenſive of being interrupted in its debates and broken in upon by the mob, have ordered two pieces of cannon to be placed before the principal entrance of the houſe ; the cannons are loaded with nails and old iron, and the matches are ready lit. Two men were this morning found concealed under the Altar of the Champ de Mars, on the information of a baſket woman, who ſits on the ſtep : ſhe ſaw the point of a borer in the interſtices of the ſtones making its way out. She alarmed the guard, who immediately went down into the room beneath the Altar, and diſcovered an invalid and a hair-dreſſer, with a ſmall proviſion of bread and wine, and a bar-

rel,

rel, as they ſuppoſed, of gun-powder, though this was never proved, and the barrel is ſaid poſitively to have contained nothing but water; but the circumſtances were ſtrong, and the men were dragged away to the firſt municipality, and one was hanged and one had his throat cut; the invalid with his wooden leg was hanged, and the barber was diſpatched by the knife, but both long before they got to the municipality. The ſuppoſition was, that theſe men meant to blow up the Altar and the three thouſand petitioners who were aſſembled on it. The circumſtances were very ſuſpicious, and quite ſtrong enough for the people.

The next day the crowd was ſo great at the Champ de Mars, and ſo mutinous, that the Mayor was called on to read the riot-act, and diſplay the red flag, which

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he did accordingly, and was attacked at the head of his troops, he and the General La Fayette, with innumerable vollies of ſtones, and other offenſive miſſile weapons, from the high banks on both ſides of the entrance to the field of Mars; in ſhort, this attack was ſo briſk, that there was no time for one, two, or three notices, but they were obliged to fire in their own defence, which they did, and killed about thirty-five, and wounded about ſeventy or eighty. There was no other way of diſperſing the mob but this, which was effectual. At night a double guard paraded the Palais Roïal with bayonets fixed and preſented; the iron gates of the arcades were all ſhut at nine o'clock, and the garden was cleared before ten. At the Champ de Mars they fired twice in the air before they levelled their pieces, The murder of a chaſſeur, who was ſhot

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in his rank, enraged the ſoldiers a good deal, and made them more violent and determined in their repriſals. Sunday the 17th, the Champ de Mars was ſhut up, that is, the entrance from the invalids, and defended by ſix pieces of cannon. At night a Jacobin was ſent to the Corps de Garde from the Palais Roïal for incendiary motions, and a ſecond turned out of the garden. One Ephraim, a Jew, was taken up for correſponding with the King of Pruſſia, and a bookſeller of Hambourg, who had been introduced to the friends of the Conſtitution the day that the decree of the inviolability of the King had paſſed in the Aſſembly. Many members took their names out of the club of the Jacobins. The man who had aimed at Monſieur de La Fayette in the Champ de Mars, and whoſe piece

 miſſed

miſſed fire, was taken, and would have been hanged, but for the interceſſion of the General, who nobly procured him his pardon: this uncommon act of generoſity raiſed a ſuſpicion in the breaſts of the democrates, that the General and the culprit underſtood one another; but in that caſe, the mock aſſaſſin might very poſſibly have found himſelf in an unfortunate and ridiculous dilemma; had the juſtice of the National Aſſembly prevailed over the clemency of the offended party, he muſt have been hanged for the credit of his employer. Theſe quick meaſures were inſtrumental in reſtoring tranquillity, and it is incredible how ſoon the patrole ceaſed to parade in the Palais Roïal for the purpoſe of diſperſing the crowds of plotters and debaters. The *drapeau rouge* ſtill continues to fly at the Hotel

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de Ville, but the people are already ſub-dued, and you cannot ſee three together either in the Champ de Mars, or the Palais Roïal.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

AS to your queſtion whether the ſpecie will return with the peace, when there is nothing to fear from without, and when the King ſhall have accepted the Conſtitution and ſworn to maintain it; that is, when it ſhall not be any longer worth any party's conſideration to circumvent his Majeſty, by a ſeries of intrigue induce him to break his oath, and violate the ſpirit and the letter of a government to which he has engaged ſolemnly to conform; then probably will be the breathing time of peace; when the taxes ſhall be efficient, and the country, by growing

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commercial, ſhall grow rich enough to replace that part of its coin which has been ſold for bullion in foreign markets, and of courſe ſent to the melting-pot: but then to obtain this end the emigrants muſt all come back, the people muſt be all united, the army eſtabliſhment muſt be reduced one half, and the ſwords muſt be turned into ploughſhares, and the guns into fowling pieces. At the preſent moment there are no ſigns of theſe beneficial meaſures in any part of the kingdom. At Paris, the money is getting ſcarcer and ſcarcer, and the aſſignats are daily falling in value, almoſt without a check; their declenſion is regular, and their courſe retrograde; they are very rarely found to look up. Then the Aſſembly is broke into parties, and the army is ever ſhowing ſigns of the leaven that is pervading it. The fear of Condé and foreign pow-

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ers is ever hovering over the inhabitants, and they ſee nothing but hoſtilities in the Engliſh fleet againſt France and her ports. All theſe dreadful appearances may only laſt for a ſeaſon, but it is moſt evident that they muſt all vaniſh without leaving a fear or a ſhadow of apprehenſion behind them, before the finances of the country can receive the ſmalleſt improvement, or a ſingle crown piece be reduced to ſix livres. The only way left to prevent the exportation is, to debaſe the coin and reduce the value of the ſpecie; but that this is a dangerous manœuvre, and contrary to good policy, I imagine, may eaſily be ſhown; ſomething, however, ſhould be done, for the paper-ſpirit is gone forth in the city of Paris, and every pariſh has its coinage, and though the Aſſembly of the nation has decreed that no man is obliged to take this money, yet

neceſſity makes it paſs, and gives a momentary credit to the Section des Lombards, and the Filles de St. Thomas. All this inundation of paper contributes to drive the ſpecie more and more out of the country, and makes you fancy yourſelf in the papal territories, where the motto of the Prince of the country is—" Silver " and gold I have none, but what I have " I give unto thee."

Ever your's.

LETTER XXVI.

July 25.

I THINK I hear you complain, and not without reafon, that my letters of late have been uncommonly dull and heavy; I plead guilty, and make the beft excufe I can, in faying, that I thought you would wifh to hear a little of every topic that engages the public attention, and every topic is not lively. You are acquainted with the character of Monfieur Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, a man of letters as well as a civil magiftrate; you remember his book on Aftronomy and his notion of the Pyramids, that they are the productions of Antediluvian artifts, which founds

like a crazy tale, when compared with the very probable ideas concerning them thrown out of late by ſome ingenious travellers. The prettieſt compliment that could be paid by Monſieur Bailly, would be to compare him with Poſſidonius, at whoſe door the conqueror of Aſia laid down the conſular faſces in order to ſhow the greateſt reſpect poſſible to philoſophy. Monſieur de la Fayette, as a conqueror in America, muſt here play the part of the Roman General. There is ſomething pretty in this idea, but I fear you will think the dreſs too fine for the part. You know I am lodged on the Louvre-ſide of the water, and I have frequent occaſion to croſs the bridges, and whenever I paſs by the Thuilleries, I cannot help thinking of the poet Matthieu, who was *ligueur fanatique*, and ſold to the houſe of Lorraine. He wrote a tragedy called La

Gui-

Guiſiade, in which he makes a courtier ſay to Henry the Third—

> " Sire, l'on vous menace
> " Que le peuple mettra un Dauphin à votre place.
> " Qu'on vous enfermera comme inutile et ſot,
> " Le ſecond Childeric, dans un cloître devot?"

In the original it is, "*de Guiſe à votre* "*place.*" During the diſturbances at the Palais Royal, there was Sieür Brun, who was carried to the Corps de Garde for ſaying, that if any one would follow him he would aſſaſſinate both the King and Queen.* The Jew Ephraim and the Hamburg bookſeller were ſaid to be the creatures of Pitt and the King of Pruſſia. Every thing is now perfectly ſtill and quiet, and there is neither motion nor movement of any ſort in any part of Paris.

* This man called himſelf *un homme de loi,* but it appeared that he was a *ſans culote.*

ris. The applauſe at the theatres is very loud every night at the mention of the King's name, which is not ſo much in the favour of the King, as a marked oppoſition to republicaniſm that ſo lately called aloud for "the death of Cæſar." If there be any alluſion at any time in the piece to the ſtate of the King's ſituation, it is never ſuffered to paſs without the moſt diſtinguiſhed approbation, as the line in Semiramis:

"Le ſoin de la juger n'eſt pas notre partage."

The fineſt thing in Voltaire's funeral pageant, if you recollect, I thought, was the horſes. The remark of Henry IV. on ſeeing a poet in his coach and ſix fine horſes, is applicable even to the Lord of Ferney: "*Jamais, dit le Prince en riant,* "*il n'eut fait un ſi beau Sixain, que celui* "*qui le tire?*" I omitted to mention in

my letter on the affair of the 16th, that martial law had been proclaimed two hours at the Hotel de'Ville before the Municipality made its appearance at the Champ de Mars; at half an hour after seven o'clock in the evening the Mayor and his ſuite entered by one of the hollow ways between two high banks of the amphitheatre, from whence they were aſſaulted with ſhowers of ſtones. The ſoldiers firſt fired powder, but without any effect. The crowd had placed the women and children in the front of the battle to deter the civil and military from proceeding to extremities; but here reſpect to the ſex, or compaſſion even for the innocent, could not make juſtice break her ſword in ſuch circumſtances, after a ſeries of the moſt daring provocations. I mention theſe facts as I come to the knowledge of them, for fear they ſhould

eſcape

eſcape me in the rapid ſucceſſion of events in this place; where it is one day war, and the next peace; *bellum pax rurſum*; one day they kiſs and are friends, the next they hurl Philippics at each other's head in the National Aſſembly.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXVII.

THE numberleſs places on the Seine, in the neighbourhood of the capital, within a ſhort diſtance, that have been witneſſes of extraordinary ſcenes, well repay any pains you may be obliged to take to become acquainted with their hiſtory. The environs of Paris abound in magnificent old caſtles, of which the details are more than commonly intereſting, when you recollect the ſeries of events which have paſſed within their walls under a variety of reigns, and in a long liſt of Kings, from Louis the Seventh to Louis the Fifteenth.

It

It was about a league from the gates of Paris, at Vincennes, a place ſo called from the purity of its air, *vie ſaine*, that St. Louis held a court of juſtice under a famous oak, which was ſtill in exiſtence in the ſixteenth century. In 1537 the caſtle, which ſtill remains, was begun to be built by Philippe de Valois, and was finiſhed by Charles the Fifth, who was born at Vincennes. In 1422, Henry the Fifth of England, who ſucceeded to the Crown of France, inſtead of Charles the Seventh, died here; as alſo did Charles the Ninth, of tragic memory; and Louis the Fifteenth paſſed the firſt year of his reign in this caſtle.

Louis the Fourteenth made additions to the caſtle, and in the Park firſt ſaw Madame de la Valiere, of whom he became enamoured in the following manner:

ner:—La Valiere, with three other ladies, was in the Park of Vincennes, engaged in converſation on a ball given at Court, when her companions were loud in the praiſes of the dancers:—But how you could look at any one elſe, when the King was preſent, replied La Valiere, to me is matter of ſurprize? The King, who was within hearing, but concealed behind a tree, felt all the force of this pure and diſintereſted compliment, and was delighted with the idea of having inſpired a paſſion on the merit of his own perſonal charms; and the love of himſelf paved the way for the love of La Valiere.

The French, for the moſt part, are taxed with volatility and inattention to every thing but the preſent moment, ſo that you can find no nine days wonder

in

in Paris. The *totum triduum* of Phædra is an age; eight-and-forty hours are in general the extent of their memory, for things even out of the common routine of events; one thing completely drives out another, where the fucceffion is at all rapid. At a reading club the other day, where hiffed filence is for the moft part religioufly obferved, a fubfcriber takes up Gorfas's Journal, and feeing thefe words, *L'avant derniere nuit. Comment dit il tout haut l'avant dernier nuit, qui peut fe reffouvenir de ça?*

In France, you know, that dancing is carried to a very high degree of perfection on the ftage; and though it is neither profitable nor creditable for a man of fafhion to dance too well, as the proverb fays,

Qui

Qui bien chante, et qui bien danse,
Fait un metier qui peu avance,

yet the case is by no means the same, where it is studied as a profession. The French laugh at all other dancers but their own, and will not allow that other nations have the proper dispositions for acquiring the high degree of grace and elegance to which it is possible to carry the art; and if you tell them that Vestris is an Italian, and Heinel a German, they will answer with a sarcasm, *Exceptio probat regulam. J'ai connu un Allemand qui avoit de l'esprit.*

A complete change has taken place in the Palais Royal since last Sunday, and all owing to the firmness of the Mayor, and Monsieur de la Fayette; now, if a round or two of musquetry will bring the

the republicans ſo ſoon to their ſenſes, a few cannon balls, one would think, would make them monarchy-men for the reſt of their lives. The blame in all great diſturbances muſt lie at ſomebody's door; they name an agent of a great Duke for a principal in breeding the late riots; the accuſation, however, ſeems to deſtroy itſelf; they ſay, he bribed the people to riſe, but no one believes that his Grace has any money for ſuch purpoſes, whatever he might have had at another period. Be that as it may, no one that comes to Paris by accident at this moment can believe, that five days ago it was hardly ſafe to be in the ſtreets, and really dangerous to be found any where between the Palais Royal and the Champ de Mars, on account of the multitude of ſwords, and bayonets, and cannons, which might as eaſily diſpatch the

innocent

innocent and curious, as the guilty and ſeditious. The ſcene is now ſhifted, and the olive branch ſucceeds to the fire-brand.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXVIII.

IN a letter from the Empreſs of Ruſſia to the King of Sweden, which is evidently forged, is an extract from a letter of Voltaire to the Empreſs: whether the extract exiſts in Voltaire's correſpondence with her Majeſty, or no, I have not examined: *Voltaire m'ecrivit un jour, dit l'Imperatrice, Quelquefois je ſuis tenu de croire que l'eſpece de liberté dont nous jouons en France, eſt preciſement celle qui nous convient: malheur à nous ſi jamais nous nous aviſons de vouloir être libres, comme à la maniere d'Athenes, ou à Londres.*— The ſame Journal that gives us this quotation, makes us a farther preſent of an

an epitaph on the ſame author.—*Cy git l'enfant gaté du ſiecle qu'il gâta.*

Monſieur Duveyrier, who was ſent upon a ſpecial meſſage from the National Aſſembly to the Prince de Condé, the fifteenth of June, is but juſt come back. Every body has been very uneaſy about him, and it was reported, that it was all the Auſtrians could do to ſave him from the fury of the French officers, on which even the Ariſtocrats of the Aſſembly cried out ſhame; and one in particular ventured to ſay, that if his ſon were in the number of thoſe who dared to inſult an Ambaſſador, he would immediately diſinherit him. Monſieur Duveyrier does not make the ſtory quite ſo black; he ſays, that whilſt he was detained at Luxemburgh, he ran the gauntlet through the French officers, who loaded him with ſarcaſms,

ſarcaſms, and exhauſted the whole train of their raillery on him and his employers. Making his way, he ſays, through the crowd to get at the Prince, was like paſſing through the zodiac; one looked on him like a lion, another like a ſcorpion, and the third like a bull; and every one had ſomething diſagreeable to fling in his teeth. In ſhort, as ſoon as he had his anſwer from the Prince, who reſpected him as he ought to do, he took no regular leave of his countrymen, but made the beſt of his way by night from Luxembourgh by a croſs road.

The Comte d'Artois, it is ſaid, receives all fugitives with open arms who fly to his ſtandard; but then they muſt be of good families, and bring undoubted marks of noble anceſtry with them, or their reception is cold, and their advance-

ment ſlow. I can give a good gueſs what will be the end of all this recourſe to the Emperor, and refuge in Germany; when the Prince of Condé's diamonds are ſold, and the money ſpent, and all the Comte d'Artois' reſources are exhauſted, the Emperor and the King of Pruſſia will be the firſt to adviſe them to make the beſt terms they can with the French nation, through the mediation of the moſt powerful Courts. This is, provided always, that the King does not eſcape, and after he has accepted the Conſtitution, abandon his kingdom; then, indeed, they might be induced to ſtand out ſtill longer, but in that caſe all return would be impracticable. The King is ſo watched, that he cannot fly till he ſhall be at liberty, and if he does then, it is at his peril.

As to any aſſiſtance to be given to the Princes by the Court of London, towards their carrying on an oppoſition of any ſort to the mother country, the idea, you will agree with me, is perfectly ridiculous, and the expectation viſionary. All that England could, or would do, I ſhould conceive, might amount to a junction with Pruſſia in making peace, and reconciling the parties, which it is demonſtrably not againſt her commercial intereſt to do.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXIX.

THE French crowns, both ſmall and great, are growing ſcarcer, and bear a higher price than when I ſpoke of them laſt; the money is hoarded by one, and ſold by another, and exported by a third; thoſe who are known to keep much money by them, have now, however, an additional motive for getting rid of it, as the *ſans-culotes* begin to rob and break through ſtone walls and iron doors, to get at the caſh, wherever they ſuſpect it to be concealed; and the great miſery attendant on theſe robberies is, that the perſon robbed generally loſes his all, which

he keeps in his ſecretaire, unwilling to put any confidence in Government, or any public fund. Hence it is no uncommon thing to find, on the deceaſe of an obſcure individual, a large ſum in ſome odd corner, where no one would go directly to look for it. When the Comte d'Eſcliniac died in the Rue St. Honoré, there was found in a receſs in his apartment nearly half a million ſterling in gold and ſilver, which was carried away in carts to the notary's— the notaries keep the money in Paris as the bankers with us. It muſt be told, at the ſame time, that the Comte d'Eſcliniac had married the widow of a financier. The number of families who have loſt their all by the Revolution, and are reduced from affluence to want, is conſiderable, becauſe all thoſe places which were conferred immediately by

 royal

royal benevolence, or were the fruits of political intrigue, and for which no money was disbursed, are abolished without recompence, and if you did not buy, you cannot sell: there is nothing unjust in this proceeding, when once you allow the propriety of a Revolution, one of the ends of which is to correct the abuses of prodigality, by a reduction of the extravagance it has occasioned, and an extinction of all its unnecessary expences. As war begets taxes, so prodigality begets places, and it is useless to attempt to reform either the one or the other without first making peace, or creating œconomy; for instance, a Minister wants to serve a friend, and he has no post to give him, the list is full; what does he do? he makes one, he constitutes and appoints him an officer of the King's kitchen, *pour hâter le dîner du Roi*, with a hand-

some

ſome ſalary: the conſequence is, that this new-created being marries the heireſs of the *cuiſinier en chef*, begets an elegant progeny of charming daughters and accompliſhed ſons, all born and bred in the air of a Court, and early habituated to great ſituations. Then comes the change, a cruel change, which rolls them all down at once from the height of their hopes and their grandeur, and leaves them without a ſpoon or a fork. It is impoſſible that theſe people ſhould be reimburſed, as it would be deſtroying the very end of the Revolution, and cutting the branches of the old Government inſtead of killing the root. A friend of mine, who is the Deputy of a province, boarded, when he firſt came to Paris, with one of theſe elegant families in their reduced ſtate; but he was ſoon obliged to change his head-quarters, on account of the conſtant

abuſe which the miſtreſs of the houſe poured eternally forth againſt him, and his aſſociates at the National Aſſembly; loading them with every injurious epithet ſhe could invent, calling them a gang of mercileſs reformers, who had overwhelmed the world with poverty, and drenched it with tears.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

THE members of the National Aſſembly dine together in clubs for the moſt part, and at a moderate expence. The pay they receive, which was once the caſe with us, enables them to get through the day tolerably well and very creditably, as they are not charged quite ſo much for their beef-ſteak and claret as at the Houſe of Commons. Eating at Paris is not ſo dear as at Covent Garden, where, without melon, apple, or orange, you do not dine well for five ſhillings. A printed bill of fare is brought you at Paris, a liſt of wines and confectionary, and you order what

you

you like. In this liſt or bill of fare, the names of the diſhes are exceedingly curious and perfectly new; for inſtance, there are *Cotelettes de veau panés à la Sainte Menehould*; and *miſſepail*, mince-pie, and *Sinthwoich*, Sandwich, ſet down under the article *dejeuné à l'Anglaiſe*. As no *entrées* or duties are paid yet in this place, every thing ought to be very cheap, which is really not the caſe, and when the taxes are laid on and collected, every thing will be very dear.

I cannot but think that the climate of Paris is much hotter, and more genial to cultivation of all ſorts, than its poſition to the South ſhould ſeem at firſt ſight to authoriſe. There is, moſt certainly, no compariſon between the fruits and flowers of this country and any part of England, and it never happens here, which occurs

perpe-

perpetually with us, that two or three days rain ſhall break up the weather to ſuch a degree, that from a ſtate of great heat, the air ſhall become cold and chilly in four and twenty hours, and not recover its tone again till after ten days conſtant ſunſhine. Paris and its ſuburbs abound with gardens, nurſeries, and floriſts, and they have many articles in flower in a tender ſtate, which require a number of years to bring to that perfection with us. For inſtance, the Biguonia Catalpa, which, though a foreigner, is known in all our grounds laid out in the modern taſte, and rich in exotic trees and ſhrubs. This tree is now in flower in the Comte d'Artois's garden at the Temple, and only four feet high from the tub in which it is planted. It requires in general ten or twelve years, and a height of

at leaſt ten or twelve feet, to produce the ſame effect with us.

The clan of Ariſtocrates in this place by no means condemn the whole of the proceſs of the Revolution; they ſay, even that the National Aſſembly is full of honourable men and ſhining characters, but that there are Judaſes among them, for whom the wheel and the rack is no adequate puniſhment. Then one man regrets the downfal of the church, another mourns only for the loſs of his nobility, a third for his Lord Paramount authority, and a fourth for the favours of the court. They ſay, that the country was not intended to be free, that the lower orders of the French nation always were cruel, ſavage, and ferocious, and ought to be kept in perpetual ſubordination. The manners of the people, under the ſplen-

dor

dor of a long monarchy, they obſerve, have acquired a ſmooth exterior, but when provoked, they have appeared in their original barbarity, and not unlike the cannibals of the North and South, who having firſt diſpatched their enemy, proceed to eat him afterwards. The natural diſpoſitions are not changed by a long courſe of politeneſs and good breeding, but whenever violently enraged, will ſhow themſelves in their native cruelty and ferocioufneſs. There is a great deal to be ſaid on this ſubject. Mobs are for the moſt part fierce and ſanguinary, witneſs the Dutch who tore out the hearts of the De Wits at the Hague and devoured them: if there is an exception, it is in England, where the mad multitude is infinitely more miſchievous than cruel; if they tread a man under foot, no rage or fury againſt his perſon will, that I know, in-

duce

duce them to mutilate his body. But to have done with this bloody ſubject, and to conſole you for having dwelt ſo long on it, I promiſe to drop it entirely, and in my next to endeavour, at leaſt, to dedicate myſelf wholly to your amuſement.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

I MET the other day with ſome irregular verſes in the Almanach des Muſes for this year, which endeavour to ſhow that liberty is not a ſtate of eaſe or indolence, but a ſtate, on the contrary, of vigilance, and activity, if you wiſh to preſerve it entire and pure from all infringement. You may turn to the French at your eaſe, or on ſecond thoughts, as I recollect you have not the original, I will take the trouble to tranſcribe it, and the liberty to add my tranſlation or imitation, as an accompaniment.

L'ES-

L'ESCLAVE FABULISTE,

APOLOGUE OU CONTE.

Un petit Anglois,
Dans ſon palais,
Vivoit gaîment à la Françaiſe :
Trompé par les catins, flatté par les bouffons ;
Proſtituant ſon cœur, et diſſipant ſes fonds,
Il s'hébétoit tout à ſon aiſe.
On lui dit que ſon parlement
Sur l'Inde, ſur la Chartre, et ſemblable fadaiſe,
Se debattoit violemment.
Le pacifique Lord, etendu mollement
Sur ſa chaiſe,
Diſoit : " mon Dieu ! que je ſuis las
" De ces debats
" Si longs, ſi plats.
" Les noms de Fox, de Pitt fatiguent mon oreille :
" Sur notre liberté le monde s'emerveille ;
" Quel fruit recueillons nous de cette liberté ?
" Un trouble interminable, une longue anarchie ;
" N'eſperons de tranquillité
" Qu'avec l'entiere monarchie.

" Dieu !

" Dieu ! donnez nous un ſouverain
" Qui maintienne la paix, et finiſſe le train."
Un Indien, eſclave fidele,
Eſclave ingenieux, étoit près de Milord :
---Milord, dit il, permettez à mon zele
De vous faire un recit---parle---A Chandernagor,
" Pays de lacs, et de montagnes,
" Des orages frequens alarment les campagnes :
" Auſſitôt que l'eclaira ſilloné les cieux,
" Le peuple de fremir, de recourir aux dieux.
" Un jour qu'au bruit de la tempête,
" Devant l'idole il prioit à genoux,
" Sur l'autel ebranlé parut le Dieu Viſnoux :
" Pacifiant les airs d'un mouvement de tête,
" Peuple, dit il, que voulez vous ?
" Le plus hardi (non le plus ſage)
" Cria : Grand Dieu ! nous demandons
" Que le Nabab de nos cantons
" Ait le droit d'empêcher l'orage.
--" Ce droit, reprit le Dieu, vous couteroit trop cher ;
" Car ſi votre Nabab peut empêcher l'orage,
" Il oſera bientôt vous intercepter l'air."
Frappé de l'avis ſalutaire,
Le noble et pareſſeux Anglais,
Courut au parlement lut, et fit des pamphlets,
Intrigua, ſe ligua, vit qu'il eſt neceſſaire

N De

De parler, de crier ſur les lois, les impôts;
Et que la liberté n'étoit pas le repos.

TRANSLATION.

With ſumptuous fare
An Engliſh heir
Liv'd gayly like a Prince of France;
By harlots gull'd,
And flatterers lull'd,
He ſteeped his ſenſes in a trance.
In vain they tell him of the ſtate,
And Parliamentary debate;
Of India, and its barter,
Of England, and her charter:
Damn'd ſtuff! long ſpeeches, how I hate, he cries
As gently ſtretch'd upon the couch he lies.
For Fox, or for Pitt
I care not a whit;
Let Fox ſtill propoſe,
And Pitt ſtill diſpoſe.
Nay---Fox be the man,
Rout Pitt and his clan.
Yet do what we will,
We never are ſtill,

Till

The parties will jar,
And wage wordy war.
For we ne'er can be quiet,
Till it ends in a riot.
Then ſhall mad liberty's eternal cheer,
With three times three fatigue the deafen'd ear,
Alas! the world's deceiv'd, no peace we know,
Our boaſted freedom is an empty ſhow.'
To check theſe growing ills, kind heaven, we pray,
Send us a righteous king with ſovereign ſway.
A faithful ſlave of India's ſhore,
A ſlave of parts from Chand'nagore,
(Rich in high mountains, lakes, and wood)
In ſupplicating poſture ſtood,
And crav'd permiſſion with a good intent
To tell his tale---his Lordſhip nods aſſent.
" When lightnings rend the eaſtern ſky,
" The frighted peaſants proſtrate lie.
" One day a ſtorm the low'ring clouds foretell,
" Low on the bended knee the pious people fell
" Before the altar of their God;
" The altar trembled and the God appeared,
" His feet on earth, his head to heaven upreared,
" And calm'd the tempeſt with a nod.
" What, ſaith the God, doth mortal man require?
" The boldeſt cries, but not the wiſeſt, Sir!

 Grant

" Grant to our Sovereign Lord, we pray, the power
" To calm the ſtorm, and quench the fiery ſhower.
" The God replies, there's room to fear
" You'll buy this precious boon too dear:
" For he, who ſtills the ſtorm, may dare
" Next to monopolize the air."
Struck with the hint, the noble Lord
Ran quickly to the council-board;
There ſpoke, debated, and intrigued,
And with the oppoſition leagued,
Convinced 'twas freedom to maintain,
To put no truſt in any reign.
Reſolved, each miniſter to teaſe,
For liberty's no ſtate of eaſe.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXXII.

THE accounts you give of the riots at Birmingham are truly alarming. Diſturbances often break out in the quarter where they are not looked for: every one here expected to be told that London had been the ſad ſcene of tumult and diſorder: when, lo! the mad voice of riot begins in the region of mild philoſophy, and at the very gates of ſcience. It is very hard, ſays Doctor Prieſtley, to be ſo treated, after fourteen years of quiet reſidence with the inhabitants of Birmingham; but in the name of patience, is it not equally hard that any one man who

has lived peaceably for the ſpace of fourteen years in any neighbourhood, ſhould wiſh to diſturb the peace of that neighbourhood, and look forward to the downfall of that ſociety which has afforded him a conſtant protection for ſo long a period. I do not mean to excuſe any acts of violence or popular tumult; and I regret as much as any one the loſs which ſcience has ſuſtained in the demolition of Doctor Prieſtley's houſe, and the deſtruction of his books and papers; at the ſame time I think the country has as juſt a cauſe of complaint againſt Doctor Prieſtley, as he can have againſt the rioters.

The reports of the forces of the rebel army are perpetually kept up, and it is ſaid they want but three things to be in perfect readineſs to begin their campaign; 1ſt. money,—2d. ditto,—3d. money. I fear

ſear if they begin at all they will not wait for the King's joining them, as he is, I imagine, too ſick of his laſt expedition to wiſh to repeat it. They ſay his Majeſty amuſes himſelf at billiards and forgets his misfortunes; his friends ſay, he is very well informed of the ſtate of his kingdom and its finances; that he reads a great deal, and has a prodigious memory, and knows all the old Engliſh families; the firſt part of his character, that he knows what paſſes in France, does not agree too well with his own teſtimony on his return from his fruitleſs expedition; when he declared in his ſpeech to the National Aſſembly, that he was now convinced the people were enamoured of the new Conſtitution. The idea of the inſufficiency of the Princes to diſturb the peace of Paris, and their ridiculous gaſconades, is repreſented at one of the new theatres in

the rue St. Martin, with the greateſt ſucceſs, under the title of the review *des armées blanches et noires.* The army paſſes in review before the Prince of Condé, and receives the benediction of the Cardinal de Rohan, who promiſes them they ſhall be as invincible, as the Pope is infallible. The troops conſiſt of Biſhops, Monks, Nuns, and Abbeſſes, and a few handfulls of grenadiers and privates, with a regiment of officers. Should the Emperor at any time think ſeriouſly of attacking France in defence of his ſiſter, he muſt be very cautious how he diſturbs the hornets of his own houſehold, which it is more than probable might be the caſe, and then France would not ſit ſtill a quiet ſpectator, like England, but think itſelf juſtified in making repriſals.

We

We are now arrived at the decree which is lately paſſed for the abolition of all orders, the King, however, ſtill wears his blue ribbon, and if the King, then the Miniſter will do the ſame thing, and for a good reaſon, becauſe the Conſtitution is not yet begun, and does not exiſt for his Majeſty till he has accepted it. All emigrants, it is alſo decreed, muſt return in a month from the firſt of Auguſt, or pay triple taxes. This was before determined on, but not decreed till now.

Much pleaſantry circulates from time to time at the expence of his holineſs the Pope, and ancients and moderns are quoted to ſhow that Rome cannot be ſaved.

" Semper ſub ſextis perdita Roma fuit." OVID.

" Le Pape enfin perdant ſes droits accumulés ;
" On brulera celui qui nous a tant brulé,
" On le feſſera même, et ce dieu ridicule
" Attendra vainement qu'on lui baiſe ſa mule."

The

The refractory priests in the pays de Caux have been banished to the distance of ten leagues from their own parishes. This is only placing the evil a little farther off. A change of country will not produce a change of disposition.

"Cœlum non animum."

Ever your's.

LETTER XXXIII.

August.

WE wait with impatience for the new pieces of fifteen and thirty ſous, which have been promiſed for ſome time. We are to have alſo, at the ſame time, ſous of bell-metal, which will be, they ſay, of the colour of pale gold, and not very unlike a double louis d'or. Specimens of each have been circulated, and only ſpecimens; for although the coinage is finiſhed, and delivered, it does not make its appearance in public; and I am told you may buy as many as you pleaſe; that is, if you will give eighteen ſous for a piece of fifteen. This is a moſt ſhame-

ful

ful impoſition on the people, but it is ſo in every thing.

" Car on vend tout ici juſqu' à l'honneur."

A louis in gold is worth four livres, an ecu de ſix francs is worth vingt ſous, and ſo on to the ſmall money; thirty livres in ſmall change coſt three livres; then the aſſignats of 200, 100, and downwards, to the five livres of the patriotic bank, are all ſold in proportion to their relative values, and the ſmall bills are the deareſt. A hundred livres, in bills of five each, were worth, at one time, three livres in exchange with aſſignats of cent francs. Bills on England have been worth thirty per cent. paid en gros aſſignats of a thouſand livres, which, were you obliged to change into money, it

would coſt you ſeventeen or eighteen per cent. to negociate.

The project of Calonne, to call in the gold, recoin it, and, I ſuppoſe, conſiderably debaſe it, and, perhaps, the ſilver alſo, is the only means of preventing its being exported, and yet the National Aſſembly has never thought proper to adopt it, probably, becauſe the thing was conſidered as equally diſhonourable as impolitic; and yet the late King of Pruſſia ſaw nothing wrong in it, though, had he heard of its being done elſewhere, he might, probably, have broke forth as he did on other leſs inviting occaſions:

O ſageſſe des Deux! Je te crois très profonde,
Mais à quels plats tyrans as tu livré le monde!

The

The Conſtitution is this moment publiſhed, adorned with the figure of liberty and her attributes. Neither the clergy, nor the church-lands, are mentioned in it: it is not even ſaid, that the property which was in the hands of the prieſts has been reſumed by the nation, and can never paſs back again to its laſt poſſeſſor: this has appeared to be a ſerious omiſſion in the eyes of the Democrates; but with ſubmiſſion, the matter would have been out of place, had it been mentioned here, juſt as much as a detail in a chapter of generals, or a by-law in a bill of rights.

The Conſtitution will undergo an immediate reviſion, and then be preſented to the King for acceptation: there is no time to be loſt in this buſineſs, as until it ſhall be finiſhed, no explanations can be entered into with foreign Powers, no

royal

royal functions can be exercised, and no proper foundation can be laid for a mutual confidence between the Sovereign and the people; and the National Assembly, and the departments, without a previous establishment, and explicit declaration, of the basis on which that confidence shall be reposed. In the happiest of all possible worlds, and under the best of all imaginable constitutions, if the people are in debt, and have no money to pay that debt, they will have no credit; and if they have no credit, they will have nothing to eat, and, however they may be constituted and appointed, they must starve. Not, however, to lay too much stress on hypothesis, I believe it to be a fact, that the royal domains, and the lands of the clergy, have been calculated from the products of the good years, and from the revenues of the best estates, in the most

abundant and the moſt fruitful provinces, ſo that every part of the kingdom muſt be equally productive, in order to verify the calculation, and make up the ſum total. The Aſſembly, however, which has no time to go into details, has applauded and confirmed the labours of Monſ. Camus. If theſe things are ſo, a conſiderable deficit in the product of the church-lands may be the conſequence.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

August 8.

THREE days are ſcarce ever permitted to paſs without ſome fierce engagement between the Republicans and the Monarchy men. On Friday laſt a Chevalier, of the order of Cincinnatus, was attacked by a famous journaliſt, in one of the numberleſs paſſages near the Palais Royal, and rolled in the kennel, to the great diverſion of the mob, who were apoſtrophiſed by the republican writer of a newſpaper, *A moi patriotes, c'eſt un Ariſtocrate.* Both the parties tell the ſtory, and each makes the other the aggreſſor. Le Chevalier is famous for his

ſkill in fencing and firing, and the Journaliſt, it ſeems, for the uſe of the bludgeon. The origin of the miſunderſtanding appears very ſlight to a common ſpectator or looker on, but to the actors in the drama, and abettors of the good cauſe, on either ſide, fully ſufficient to juſtify a ſerious quarrel, and an unprovoked attack. The crime of Monſieur Le Chevalier was, as he tells us himſelf, *pour avoir applaudi à quelqu'un qui portoit la ſanté du Roi.* For this he was abuſed in a flaming paragraph, and nearly demoliſhed at noon-day in the public ſtreet. The other party tells the ſtory differently. One thing is, however, certain, that the beſt ſwordſman and the moſt accompliſhed FIRER at a mark, cannot always inſure himſelf from being caned.

Of

Of all the excursions from Paris in the fine season, there is none that can compare with the drive to the Bois de Boulogne; I do not pretend to describe this enchanting place in prose, it is impossible, but if you will allow me the liberty of having recourse to the poets, I will quote Piron's description of a wood, which looks as if it were made for this seat of delight, that is an object of attraction at all hours, whether in the morning, or at noon, or in the evening of a fine day.

Bois d'une beauté complette,
Triste et charmant à la fois,
Bois où l'amour a des armes,
Où l' austere pudeur
Se soummettroit sans alarmes:
Bois où meme avec douceur,
Dans les plus cruels malheurs,
L'Amant verseroit des larmes:
Bois où tout jusqu' à l'horreur.

Pour

Pour un cœur tendre a des charmes.
Là, dans le ſein du repos,
L'ame s'egare et s'oublie;
Sa douce melancholie
Transforme des lieux ſi beaux,
Et n'en fait qu'un ſeul enclos,
D'Amathonte, de Paphos,
De Cythère et d'Idalie.

On the ſkirts of this wood is a beautiful villa belonging to the Comte d'Artois, which begins to want the maſter's eye in order to keep it in the ſtate of elegance that it deſerves: it is laid out in the beſt poſſible manner, and made to appear of double the extent of ground that it really occupies. Its decorations are all in the beſt taſte, and form altogether the prettieſt gem in the neighbourhood of Paris; add to this Deſliſle's verſes, which ſhould be read under a tree on the ſpot. The ſtatue of a nymph, in the veſtibule

of

of the maiſonnette, looks, for the eaſe of its attitude, like an antique repaired, it is the ſtatue of a Roman nymph, with a baſket of fruit on her head, which ſhe holds with one hand, and with the other an earthen pot of an elegant form, with a ſemicircular handle acroſs its mouth, not unlike an antique fire-pot, though ſomewhat too long. In the eaſe of this figure Monſ. Moineau has trod cloſe on the heels of the ancients, as alſo in the birds, fiſhes, and animals on the vaſes, that are diſperſed here and there in the grounds, ſome of which are on the triangular baſes of the antique Candelabra. A garden dreſſed up with altars, gods, and great men, and adorned not with ſtraight line terraſſes, flower-pots, and paved alleys, but with the inequalities of Nature in full beauty, and the various charms of verdure, woods, and water, unites all the

advantages of antiquity with all the improvements of modern art, and is, in a word of a great poet,

Le merite de l'art ſoumis à la nature.

The French who reſide near Verſailles tell you, this garden is nothing in compariſon of the Queen's gardens at Trianon, and elſewhere, and not to be named on the ſame day with many others: but then they forget the river, the village of Puteau, and the bridge of Neuilli, which belong to the Comte d'Artois's grounds, and ſeem to touch every part of them; whereas the gardens of the Queen and Mouſſeaux are rich parterres in chalky deſarts.

The French, Italians, and Germans, in general, do not like nature, except ſhe

be

be curled and buckled. I remember a foreigner of high rank in London, who propoſed to cut down all the trees at Blenheim, and to turn the river at Greenwich Hoſpital; and who preferred *le pays plat et le poiſſon doux* to the heights of Mount Edgcumbe, and the John Dory's of Plymouth.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXXV.

IN the neighbourhood of Bagatelle is Ranelagh, or Ranelack, as it is called, cloſe to the royal hunting-box of Muette, and at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne from the village of Paſſy, the reſidence of Franklin, and the ſpot from which Pilatre de Rozier firſt aſcended in his balloon. Ranelagh was built for a ball-room at the time when the whole Court, ſeven or eight years ago, were ſhut up at Muette for ſix weeks; I ſay ſhut up, becauſe they muſt have been well packed in ſo ſmall a place for ſo large a company. The Queen then attended

the

the balls given every Saturday at Ranelagh, and was a ſubſcriber; the company of courſe was choice. The ſubſcription ſtill continues, but is now fallen into the dregs of wretched times, for the dancing cavaliers are all fled, and the high plumed dames are left without partners of the right ſort. The beauty of the ſcene ſtill draws numbers, and you are not admitted without a ſubſcriber's ticket, which is eaſily procured. But no one wiſhes to breathe the air of a hot ball-room in a ſummer-evening, when he can be ſtretched at his eaſe on a fine turf. The ball ſuffers a good deal by the Revolution in quality, but not in numbers, the room is always full. Tityrus remains, but the Knights are fled, crying,

Nos patriæ funes, et lampada linquimus altam.

The

The red flag, which has been flying at the Hotel de Ville ſince the affair of the Champ de Mars, is now taken down, on account of the reſtoration of perfect tranquillity to the city of Paris. The National Aſſembly has been lately informed, that nothing could have prevented the ſeventy-eighth regiment from paſſing over to the emigrants, but the firmneſs and vigilance of the Lieutenant-Colonel. The ſtory of the day is the King's anſwer to Monſ. de la Fayette, who told him, that very ſhortly his Majeſty would be at liberty to take the air at St. Cloud, or Compeigne, *à la bonne heure, dit le Roi,* "*Je vous prendrai pour* "*mon geolier, mais non pas pour mon me*-"*decin.*" The people grow impatient for the opening of the Thuilleries, but they muſt wait ſtill a little longer: the wicked wits are for ſending the Royal Family to

the *ecole militaire*, and the National Aſſembly to the invalids, that they may enjoy the ſhade of the tall trees of the Thuilleries, which is not to be had at the Palais Royal.

There is nothing that ſeems to keep up the ſpirit of antipathy ſo much between the *Tiers Etat*, and the Nobility and Miniſtry, as the recollection of the immenſe fortunes made by the latter, eſpecially, as it were, in a moment of time.

A Miniſter, for inſtance, who is well known to be by no means over-rich, takes the direction of affairs, and, after a few years in the Cabinet, dies with the reputation of being worth twenty-two millions, which, if you reduce to fifteen, to make due allowance for the exaggeration

ration of envy and calumny, will amount to more than half a million ſterling. The Treaty of Commerce, indeed, which was made during this adminiſtration, deſerved ſomething of England, as it has never been good for any thing to France. To explain this would be to attempt to dive too deep into the projects of Government, which, when they ſucceed, ſufficiently explain themſelves. Caſes, however, occur much ſtronger than the one alluded to, where the provocation of the gooſe is ſhewn to be more juſtifiable, in proportion as the plucking has been more ſevere.

Monſieur de Calonne, they ſay, began his political career, at the head of affairs one million and a half in debt, and in a very ſhort ſpace of time entered into a contract to purchaſe, round his own

houſe,

houſe, an extent of country valued at twelve millions of livres. For the truth and certainty of theſe matters I do not pledge myſelf, and I think it probable that they are much exaggerated.

It was by this ſort of proceeding, that the annual deficit arrived at laſt, as demonſtrated by the National Aſſembly, to two hundred and ſixty-five millions, when the territorial impoſt was projected, and attempted to be laid on by the Archbiſhop of Brienne, the failure of which was the immediate cauſe of the Revolution.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXXVI.

A WOMAN has been puniſhed lately before the Court of the Palais Royal in a ſingular manner, for debauching young girls of thirteen and fourteen years old, and ſelling them to pimps and procurers. The lady is exhibited aſtride an aſs with her head towards the tail; ſhe rides in this humiliating poſition, and, if you believe Monſ. Galand, after the oriental faſhion, towards the pillory, where ſhe remains for three quarters of an hour, or more, and then returns to the Salpetriere in the ſame order that ſhe arrived. There is no pelting on this occaſion as with us, no ſtones,

ſtones, no rotten eggs; on the contrary, a collection is made among the crowd during the ceremony, for the conſolation even of ſuffering vice, and almoſt every one gives ſomething.

The guard round the caſtle of the Thuilleries has been doubled of late, owing to ſome information given of a plan, by a Monſ. Santerre, to ſet the King free, and afford him an opportunity of eſcaping during a temporary riot, which was to be raiſed by ſetting fire to different parts of Paris at the ſame time. A detachment was ſent to Monſ. Santerre's houſe to take him into cuſtody, but he was fled. Since that, letters and addreſſes to the citizens have appeared at the corners of the ſtreets, ſigned Santerre, denying the fact, or any knowledge of it, which confirmed many in their ſuſpicions

of

of its reality, and that Santerre was the contriver of it.

In a ſerious diſpute the other day at an ariſtocratical coffee-houſe in the Palais Royal, one of the parties, who had a defect in his elocution, ſet the room in a roar in attempting to anſwer his adverſary. After he had turned about his mouth for ſome time, and made a ſeries of frightful grimaces, he ſtuttered out at length, *Fi-ſi-ſi-de votre conſtitution, elle fait pi-pi-pi-tié, elle reſemble au ca-ca-ca-hos.*—Things of this kind happen daily, and do no harm where they break no bones, or cut no throats.

I continue ſtill to amuſe myſelf in the mornings on the ſhady ſide of the ſtreet, in hunting after curioſities. I was the other day at the Mont de Pieté, where the

the unredeemed pledges are ſold once a year. The Mont de Pieté conſiſts of an immenſe building round two courts, where all the brokers' ſhops of the city ſeem to be united in one ſpot: the courts were filled with people of the loweſt claſs, and the pledges, which appeared of little or no value, could never have raiſed two guineas on any one article that I ſaw ſold, of watches or trinkets. They ſay at Paris, that if you can walk the ſtreets without being run over, or knocked down, for twenty years together, without fracture, bruiſe, or contuſion, you deſerve the Croix de St. Louis. Indeed the taſk is very difficult, and, in ſpite of all your precaution, you muſt ſometimes find yourſelf between a cart and a hackney-coach, ſo ſituated as to be in danger of an embrace on one ſide or the other:

it is the faſhion, nevertheleſs, to walk, and the firſt people run about in boots and great coats, with ſhort clubs in their hands, that is, when the ſeaſon will permit, for at this moment a caſimere coat is too thick.

The French manufactures have of late had full employment, and been in conſtant exerciſe, owing to the depreſſion of the aſſignats, and the high price of ſpecie, which has made it impoſſible to remit bills to London, or Madrid, or elſewhere, on France, where the exchange is ſo diſadvantageous, as to occaſion a loſs of twenty-five and thirty per cent. whereas the loſs on manufactures is not more than twelve or fifteen at the moſt. This turns the ſcale againſt England, and ſhews, that when things are at the worſt, they

will

will ſometimes correct themſelves. It now becomes the intereſt of the neighbouring countries to raiſe the exchange with France.

Monſ. Bailli, the Mayor, was yeſterday at the Palais Royal, to repreſs the inſolence of the Ariſtocrates at the Café de Foy; he ordered a ſtandard to be raiſed before the marquee of the coffee-houſe, crowned with a cap of liberty, and adorned with a flag of three colours, on which was inſcribed, on one ſide, *Je n'ai fait que paſsé, ils n'étoient plus deja*; on the other, *Ils ont osé lever leur front audacieux*. This had the effect of *drapeau rouge* on the mal-contents, and they were inſtantly diſperſed for a day or two. The next day appeared an advertiſement by way of paſquinade on the national guards.

Magazin de Fayence bleue
Dont les plats ne vont pas au feu.
—Ceux qui voudront faire emplette
S'adresseront à la Fayette.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

August 1791.

THE refractory priests have driven one of their brethren mad, and the poor man, in a fit of despair, has thrown himself out of a garret window into the street: his name was Monjellard, Curé de Barjols, and Deputé de Toulon. The nonjurors obliged him to retract the civic oath he had taken to be faithful to the Law and the King. "*Non tulit hoc præsul.*" This was too much for his conscience to bear, and in order to get rid of the load he threw himself out of a window, and died a martyr to the spirit of versatility and indecision. The clergy, who are much in-

fected with what the Democrates call the Patrician leprosy, or the luxuries of a good living, leave no stone unturned to persuade their flock that the National Assembly is a gang of Atheists. One of them preached to his flock lately—"*Les* "*Athées de l'Assemblée Nationale, mes* "*ouailles, ont aboli le droit de Seigneur* "*Jesus Christ; ils ont attenté à la divinité* "*de notre S. J. C: plus de Seigneur, mes* "*ouailles.*" This is not unlike the story of the countryman who passed through Covent Garden during the poll for Westminster, when he saw a man on the hustings haranguing the electors, who, they told him, was the Minister—He the Minister, says the booby, why he has got a tail, our Minister has no tail.

The French theatre has a great superiority over every other in its scrupulous adhe-

adherence to the coſtume of every country and every character which it exhibits upon the ſtage. The moſt ſtriking example I can produce of the truth and exactneſs of this remark, is in the Menechmes Grecs, which is brought forward on the French theatre, called les Variétés. Nothing can be more pleaſing than to ſee the dreſs of the father and the ſon, the courtezan and the matron, the maſter and the ſlave, the phyſician and the artizan, conformable to what you know, or have great reaſon to believe, was the dreſs of the character in real life and exiſtence. The ſcenery alſo and the decorations of the houſes, the ſtreets and the porticos, all lend a pleaſing illuſion, and throw you back into the very times of the fable, and place you at Athens or at Thebes, juſt as the ſtory requires. A hint may be borrowed from this ſchool for the

greater perfection of the Westminster play, which in its present state is a *fier auchepot* of modern dress and ancient manners, like the hat of Harlequin on the head of Augustus, or Grecian architecture in a Gothic cathedral.

The great scarcity of money has at length produced the pieces of fifteen sous, but none of thirty; the former of fifteen sous are very convenient, as eight of them make exactly six livres. The execution of this coin is very good. The head of the King is a great likeness, around it is

Louis XVI. Roi des François 1791.

On the reverse is a figure with wings engraving on a pillar the word Constitution, around it is *Regne de la Loi*, on one side is 15, and on the other, Sous. In the exergue *L'An 3 de la Liberté*. These

pieces,

pieces, it is true, are iſſued, but ſtill ſo ſcarce, that there is but one place, which is at the French theatre, where they will give them in exchange for the ſmall bills of the patriotic bank.

I mentioned in a former letter a robbery in which ſome one had loſt all he had, becauſe it was unfortunately all together in one place. The ſufferer was an Huiſſier of the National Aſſembly, a Mr. Roſe, of Scot's extraction; the Aſſembly, which is very liberal, it is to be hoped, will redreſs him in ſome way or other. There is no Fielding or Wright in this town to aid you in recovering loſt property, and if you do not wiſh to be robbed, you muſt either keep your treaſure well concealed, and not all in one purſe, or keep none at all. Madame du Barré, it ſeems, has found her diamonds in Eng-

land which ſhe loſt at Lucienne, though I ſhould imagine at a conſiderable expence, having been under the neceſſity of employing ſo many ſpies and emiſſaries, and feeing ſo many lawyers; but to get back the value of forty or fifty thouſand pounds, who would not willingly expend four or five, and make the loweſt bow to the police of the country that had been inſtrumental in the recovery?

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. Burke paſſes at Paris in certain circles for the greateſt politician ſince the days of the preſident Monteſquieu, and it is inſiſted on, that his predictions already begin to be accompliſhed. Of this, however, you will be a competent judge very ſhortly, and before I ſhall finiſh this correſpondence. The beauties of Mr. Burke's book on the French Revolution have many enthuſiaſtic admirers in this place, independently of the doctrine it contains, and purely on the ſcore of a fine compoſition. Others, indeed, talk of it as a diſguſting libel, full of declamation and

and ſcholaſtic eloquence: they deny every idea of uſurpation, and inſiſt upon it, that the caſe perfectly analagous to the change of Government in France, is the getting rid of a bad manager or a faithleſs ſteward by ejectment, who had racked out the eſtate, and ruined the tenants by laying greater burdens on them than they could bear; and that to ſo great a degree, that they were on the point of letting the lands go uncultivated, as one half of the product went to the ſteward, and the other half to the labour and the ſeed. It was time, therefore, to take the farm into your own hands when it was in danger of lying fallow, and making no returns whatſoever. They ſay alſo that the caſe required a radical cure, and that checks and reſtraints were but at beſt temporary palliatives, on which no dependence could be had that there would not be a relapſe

in the diſorder, and then all remedy be too late, and the evil for ever incurable. On theſe conſiderations it was thought proper to give up the dignity of the crown, once ſo dear in their eyes, in order to preſerve its exiſtence; to lower to the duſt the exalted front of the Tiara and the mitre; and, finally, to ſacrifice all rank and order to the ſpirit of level and licentiouſneſs.

Adieu cercle à fleurons de Marquis et de Comte,
Et ces larges mortiers à grands bords abattus,
Adieu——
On ne voit plus ici la grandeur impoſante,
Portant de l'épaule au côté
Un ruban que la vanité
A tiſſu de ſa main brillante:

As to the neceſſity of theſe harſh meaſures, that ſucceſs can only juſtify, I leave you to determine; as to the propriety and fitneſs, the event muſt decide: there is no

dan-

danger, I imagine, of the crown's recovering its luſtre, if the King can be ſatisfied with being the firſt man in his dominions; the nobility too will no doubt raiſe its head, and order and ribband revive, provided the birth and diſtinction ſhall think it no derogation of their honour to be on a level with the peaſant and the manufacturer in contributing to the neceſſities of the ſtate. As to the clergy, if they riſe, it muſt be like the branching palm againſt oppreſſion; their wings have been cut cloſe with a deſign that they ſhould not grow again too faſt, and yet enough has been left to enable them to ſoar in the great Aſſembly of the nation above other orders, if their talents and their integrity will bear them up.

The time is now almoſt expired, when it will be required of the preſent members

of

of the National Aſſembly to retire and make room for their ſucceſſors. The greateſt part of them after three years of cloſe attendance are, no doubt, "weary of conjectures," and wiſh to enjoy the conclusion. But then the idea of ſerving your country in the infancy of her eſtabliſhment, when ſhe wants your good offices, moſt certainly keeps up the ſpirits, and never ſuffers the attention to flag. Add to this, that you are paid, and it is your duty to be worthy of your hire. The Princes of the blood, it is decreed, are capable of being employed as active citizens, but in no offices on the nomination of the people, or the department of the miniſtry. They may command, however, the army or navy in caſe the King ſhall propoſe them formally to the National Aſſembly, and they ſhall be duly authorized by the legiſlative power.

The

The Ariſtocrates could have carried the point, had they pleaſed, and made the Princes eligible Members of the Aſſembly, but the emigrant powers did not inſtruct them on this head, ſeeing that the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Conti only, would have reaped the more immediate benefit of the ſucceſs of the meaſure.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

August.

THE Fête de St. Louis paſſed off this year unobſerved. The King would receive no bouquet either from the Academy, or Les Dames de la Halle; and of .ourſe, I imagine, the ladies loſt their annual preſent of a hundred louis. I own I was delighted with the King's ſpirit, and highly pleaſed that the gentle dames were touched upon ſo tender a part, and yet they bore it ſo well as not to force the caſtle and demand juſtice at the foot of the throne. The academy of inſcriptions held its public ſeſſion as uſual on this day, and though there never was a

time when there were so many premiums to bestow since its institution, yet there never were fewer claimants to receive them. A poetical prize of the year 1790 was obliged to stand over to the year 1792. This is the more remarkable, as the choice of the subject was left to the author: but politics absorb every idea both in town and country; all France is in one general agitation and universal tumult, and it is impossible to write verses in a hurricane. Scaliger, indeed, says he composed his dithyrambic ode in the night of the massacre, but then I imagine the cries of the dying Protestants either did not exist for him, that is, did not reach him, which is improbable, or his vain glory, which is more likely, got the better of his veracity.

The

The panegyric or life of Franklin not having been written ſince it was propoſed as a prize ſubject, is reſerved for ninety-two. The eloge of Jean J. Rouſſeau is in the ſame circumſtances. The gold medal of twelve hundred livres, for want of a candidate, is propoſed again for the next year.

The prize founded by the Abbé Raynal, is now become of triple value, and is accordingly divided into two medals of twelve hundred each for the year 1792. The ſubjects are, An hiſtorical Eſſay on the Reign of Louis the Eleventh, and the Influence of the Diſcovery of America on the Morals, Politics, and Commerce of Europe.

Monſieur de la Harpe read a paper in which he gave ſome account of the principal poets and verſe-writers from the time

of Auguſtus to the preſent reign of Louis Seize.

Monſieur Deliſle read to the Academy an extract from his poem on the imagination. I ſend you an epigram by way of conſolation for this dearth of genius, that appeared yeſterday, and is perfectly new to me, on ſome unfortunate apoſtate who thought proper to accept of a commiſſion in the national guards, though he had been heard to ſay but the day before, that a man muſt be both fool and knave to ſerve in the new corps.

Damon diſoit hier, et diſoit avec eclat,
Qu'il faudroit être un ſot, un lâche, un ſcelerat,
Pour prendre maintenant un emploi militaire;
Il l'accepte aujourdhui, la conſequence eſt claire.

You remember the famous note of a conſummate politician and orator in the blank

blank leaf of a ſplendid Roman hiſtory; that you know was in proſe, this is in verſe, which makes the only difference between them. I like the epigram much, and think it neatly turned.

The account that the Ariſtocrates give of the National Aſſembly is, that it conſiſts of four parties, Monarchy, Anarchy, Republic, and Corps Federatif, and in this way of diviſion you may make fourteen if you will; not more than thirty, they ſay, have made fortunes, and all the reſt have got nothing but their trouble and their pay. This is ſaid to flatter themſelves into a belief that nothing ſo heterogeneouſly compoſed can ever be long lived; but ſhould this body politic, by a proper courſe of phyſic, purge itſelf of its bad humours, the time may probably

be not far diſtant, when thoſe who now hold it in abomination, will give ſomething to belong to it.

The guard was turned out at two o'clock this morning by a ſoldier who dreamt that the King was making his eſcape, and cried out in his ſleep, *Le Roi s'eſt echappé, le Roi eſt parti.* This was immediately communicated from poſt to poſt, and the centinels were all on the *qui vive* in an inſtant. The Queen, hearing a noiſe, put her head out of the window, and aſked what was the matter, when it was diſcovered from what quarter proceeded the falſe alarm.

The National Aſſembly has given twelve hundred foot, and ſix hundred horſe-guards to the King, which has

moved

moved the bile of the mal-contents or the petty journaliſts to a violent degree. Piſiſtratus, they ſay, had but fifty body-guards when he began to play the tyrant; Peter the Great had but fifty, when he conceived the plan of ſubduing his country. But although Louis XVI. is neither a Piſiſtratus nor a Peter the Great, neverthele ſs the Dauphin may poſſeſs both the tyranny and the enterprize of the one and the other. Conſidering, however, the extent of the *maiſon royale* in former times, eighteen hundred is a moderate number. The *maiſon royale* conſiſted of twelve thouſand troops who followed the court. There were the *mouſquetaires noirs et les mouſquetaires gris*; *les chevaux legers*, *la prevoté*, *les gardes Françoiſes et les gardes Suiſſes*, *et les gardes de la porte*, *les cent Suiſſes*, &c. The King is

to pay his eighteen hundred troops out of his allowance, and they will coſt him a conſiderable ſum.

Ever your's.

LETTER XL.

THE Mayor de Varennes has ſent word to the National Aſſembly, that he begs leave to decline the honour of the reward which they have voted him of ſix thouſand livres for his patriotiſm in arreſting the King, and preventing his Majeſty from abandoning his country: at the ſame time the Mayor deſires the money may be employed in charity, and diſtributed to the national guards. This act of diſintereſted regard for his country has raiſed him very high in the opinion of the great Aſſembly of the nation. I am told, and I believe I never hinted any thing to you of

of the fort in any former letter, that it was the intention of the Princes, as ſoon as they ſhould be in poſſeſſion of the King, to declare his Majeſty unfit to govern his kingdom, and to appoint a regent. It looks as if Louis Seize had heard ſomething of this deſign, for he is not at all ſorry to get back again to Paris, and makes very light of his preſent ſtate of captivity. They have not yet done with the Baſtile at the play-houſes, they have brought it out again at the French theatre in the Palais Roïal, but without any great effect; for as ſoon as the firing begins, every thing is enveloped in a cloud of ſmoke, and you can ſee nothing plain. I am ſurpriſed they did not give us the repreſentation of the ingenious manner in which the beſiegers maſqued the cannon, that they brought to bear upon the caſtle, and actually carried away by the firſt ſhot

the

the chain that ſupported the draw-bridge. They placed in the real ſiege a cart full of ſtraw and combuſtible matter, at a proper diſtance, before the cannon, which they ſet on fire, and the ſmoke prevented the beſieged on the walls from ſeeing from what quarter the balls were directed.

The oppoſite parties of the King and the Jacobins balance one another for the moſt part pretty exactly; ſometimes one gets the aſcendant, ſometimes the other.

At the Jacobins the other day, in a fit of ſuperiority, a member made the following flaming motion: *à la Cromwell pour deſacrer le Roi*—To lay the regalia on the table of the National Aſſembly; to keep the King a cloſe priſoner for two years, and then to reconſecrate him. Fortunately for the mover, this motion was not ſeconded.

ſeconded. Complaint was made a day or two ago to the National Aſſembly, that Monſieur de Gamache had demanded, in a letter opened at the poſt-houſe at Paimbœuf, three thouſand five hundred livres of his correſpondent for aiding and aſſiſting the King in perſon to make his eſcape and joining his ſuite. The Aſſembly, though not quite unanimouſly, determined, that no notice could be taken of Monſieur Gamache; and that no information obtained by an illegal violation of private correſpondence, could become the grounds of accuſation againſt any individual.

The queſtion concerning the fête to be given to Jean Jacques Rouſſeau is determined, and his aſhes are to be tranſported to the new Ste. Genevieve, and to repoſe with Voltaire and Mirabeau; becauſe the

remains of all great men are the property of the nation ; and although both Voltaire, Mirabeau, and Rouſſeau had requeſted on their death-beds to be buried according to their own direction, yet this is no reaſon why their country ſhould not ſhow them all the honours they deſerve ; and no infringement of private property to take their bodies out of the hands of their friends and teſtators, in order to place them beneath the dome which their country has raiſed for the purpoſe of ſhowing its gratitude to its firſt and greateſt benefactors.

I am ſurprized that no one, in his boundleſs zeal for Jean Jacques, has never adopted his plan for writing muſic, in which the four lines are reduced to one. The temporary inconvenience the muſicians muſt ſuffer from this innovation,

tion, muſt no doubt be very great, but what is that to the lovers of enterprize and of great men ?

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

August.

THE beſt place to illuſtrate the poſitions of Burke and Gibbon on the ſubject of gaming is at Paris, and particularly in the Palais Roïal, the epitome of Paris, or a great city in miniature. "Gaming," ſays the hiſtorian of the Roman empire, and the great Burke, "is a principle "inherent in human nature, we all have "it;" which is literally true in this place; they all have it, from the man who died the other day with a bet upon his tongue, to the man who cannot ſleep for the bet in his head. The child of

gambling

gambling is duelling, who grows in proportion as the parent grows, and ſits cloſe behind him on the ſame horſe, as the poet might have ſaid,

Le Duel monte en croupe, et galoppe avec lui.

I met, the other day, with a ſtriking inſtance of this ruling paſſion under the arcades. A man of a decent appearance was diſtributing tickets of admiſſion, at thirty ſous a day, at the door of a gambling-houſe, and addreſſing the paſſengers —" Walk in, walk in, Gentlemen, a " very choice ſociety."—Not being accuſtomed to this ſort of invitation, I thought at firſt, that it was a collection of wild beaſts that he propoſed to ſhow me, or the King and Queen, and Philip le Roux, in wax, or ſomething as extraordinary. Upon inquiry, however, at the

next

next ſhop, whither I was going, I found it was a gaming-table to which I was invited, and that the man who now diſtributed the tickets of admiſſion had been a great ſufferer, and loſt his all in this ſink of perdition, which was the conſiderable ſum of ſixty thouſand livres, or two thouſand five hundred pounds. It ſeems that he was the ſon of a ſhopkeeper at Paimbœuf, who had left him the above ſum at his death, which the heir had brought to Paris, and there left it behind him. I muſt ſay ſo much of him, that he appeared to me to be perfectly inſenſible of his loſs, and not at all diſſatisfied with his employment, which the proprietor of the gaming-table had given him on a principle of compaſſion. Inſtances of this kind muſt be not uncommon in a place where the rage of play prevails ſo univerſally, but the re-

ſignation and the philoſophy of the example occur but rarely. In order to make the paſſion for play as convenient as poſſible, and as palatable as women and wine can render them, the apartments of the gaming clubs are ſpacious, the dinners are delicious, the ſuppers exquiſite, and the women enchanting. In ſhort, nothing is wanting to excite the paſſion and feed the deluſion. The chances in favour of the dealer, at thirty-one, or *rouge et noir*, are conſiderable and excluſive; every time he turns thirty-one, he takes half the depoſit of every ſtake. The rapidity with which the buſineſs is conducted is alſo another ſource of advantage, as the fortunate hazard returns the oftener. There is as much difference between a good dealer and a bad one, as between a Pruſſian ſoldier, who fires ſix times in a minute, and a French national guard,

guard, who ſtops to ram at every charge. But let us have done with this extravagant ſubject.

The Marquis de Paulmy's library, which belongs to the Comte d'Artois, conſiſts of collections for the hiſtory of France, romances, and theatrical pieces of all countries. Sixty volumes have been publiſhed by the Marquis himſelf, under the title of *Melanges d'une grande Bibliotheque.* It is ſaid, that ſhould the Comte d'Artois ever return to Paris, he has a deſign of making it public. The library coſt a hundred thouſand crowns, or twelve thouſand five hundred pounds, and is at this moment ſtill at the arſe-nal.

Ever your's.

LETTER XLII.

I FEAR you will ſoon begin to cry out, Paris and the National Aſſembly tire after ſo much repetition, come home, or get farther off; I want ſomething new. You certainly have reaſon to complain, and I promiſe to have done as ſoon as the King ſhall have accepted the Conſtitution, and the matters ſhall be ſo far arranged, as to be put in a train to advance of themſelves, without the intervention of extraordinary powers. The King is very quiet with his family at the Thuilleries, and no new alarm has diſturbed her Majeſty at midnight. The day after his

Majeſty's

Majeſty's return from Varennes, on looking into the garden, he ſaw four tents pitched in the front of his apartments on the terrace below, for the purpoſe of preventing the royal eſcape by the way of the window; upon which he called to the Lord in waiting, and aſked him, *Qu'eſt ce que c'eſt que ces quatre machines, là bas?* The Lord in waiting anſwered with a ſmile, *Elles ſont apparemment les tantes de votre Majeſté qui ſont revenues. Je croyois, dit le Roi, qu'il n'y avoit que deux.* Apropos to the King's aunts; they call them at Rome *Les Haquenées.* They ſay, the King of France has done more for the Pope than his brother of Naples; France has ſent him two *Haquenées*, whereas Naples would hardly ſend him one. Madame le Brun, who is at Rome, is occupied in painting Les Meſdames, by

 order,

order, perhaps, of her Commander in Chief.

As it is not poſſible to get into the Thuilleries, and as the Palais Roïal, like other good things, ſatigues without ſatiating, I now and then pay a viſit to the Luxemburgh gardens, where France is as ſhe was in the plenitude of the old ſyſtem, in bag and ſword, and hat of three corners. Here you are ſure to meet the diſappointed band, and the whole tribe of the counter-revolutioniſts: it is here only that they hold up their heads, and diſplay their orders. Clergy, Nobility, Monks of all colours, and Friars of all ſizes: every order knows its place, and falls naturally into the rank to which it belongs—the Clergy excommunicate in the Alley des Chartreux, the Nobles and the Military plan their battles in the alley of

of the Carmes, and figure to the laſt with their ribands of red and blue.

Beſides theſe, you have the diſcontented regiment of foreigners and outlaws, who having done every poſſible miſchief to their own country, by ſerving againſt it, by plotting and countermining it, retire to this place in ſearch of a little chance ſociety, which it is impoſſible for them to find in their own neighbourhood; for were they to look for it where they are known, the anſwer would be, as it always has been,

Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.

It was upon Barnave's motion the other day, that the National Aſſembly decreed, that no change ſhall be made in the Conſtitution before the Third Legiſlature.

"The National Aſſembly has the power of reviſing the Conſtitution, but it does not think proper to exerciſe it before that period arrives. The wits are perpetually firing at Barnave; they call him Janus, and repreſent him with two faces, black and white, you ſee him at the Wax-work in the Palais Roïal: but this is not all; they define him, and cut him up into the following parts:

Diſſection d'un grand homme ſur le bureau de Monſ. Barnave:

Eloquent,	Un adverb.
Precis,	Une parentheſe.
Harmonieux,	Une conjunction.
Vaſte,	Comme un point,
Droit,	Une Virgule.
Etonnant,	Une note d'admiration.
Clair,	Une charade.
Profond,	Un puits.

I do

I do not exactly ſee the merit of the laſt compariſon, as a well is proverbially deep; it ſhould have been *profond comme une ſurface.*

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

August.

THE season still continues unclouded; the fruits are very fine and full of flavour; there is not a bad peach to be bought. The proverb too, that compares melons to friends, of which only one in fifty is good for any thing, loses its force this year, since the whole race is excellent. Not so in friendship, which is an exotic in all climates; it blossoms, indeed, freely in most countries, but seldom ripens its fruit in any. The last thing a Frenchman does before he goes home to dinner, after his walk in the Palais Roïal, or the Thuilleries, is to

buy

buy a melon: you very often ſee a fine gentleman, with his hair nicely appointed, a Mancheſter cloth coat, a ſpotted waiſtcoat, and harlequin breeches, with his hat in his hand, and a melon under his arm. No elegant Pariſian will wear a ſilk coat in the hotteſt day, though the faſhionable cloth frock is much dearer. The Revolution has produced no ſimplicity of manners; for the moſt part, the French are ſtill better poliſhed than inſtructed.

The news of the day is, that every thing is ſettled for an invaſion the firſt of October: what ſeems to give ſome little credit to this report, is the eagerneſs with which the horſes are bought up at this moment; there has not been a horſe advertiſed theſe three days. The Engliſh jobbers, they ſay, have monopolized the

article,

article, and the whiſkeys and the demi-fortunes are let down in the gutter. It is certain, that ſome great order for horſes has been given from ſome quarter or other, which has drained the market; ſince the Revolution they have been very ſcarce, for two reaſons; none are now imported from England, and none are bred in France. Three or four years hence horſes, no doubt, will abound in this country, as the breeders will have no fear of the King's *haras* before their eyes, whither they were obliged to ſend any or every horſe they might breed, that the King's grooms approved, at the price of thirty livres for a one-year old colt, notwithſtanding they had paid for covering. This royal prerogative exiſts now no longer, and the breed of horſes in France will, no doubt, ſoon feel the

benefit

benefit of it. The French are accuſed, and but too juſtly, I believe, of riding very hard in the field, and on the road, and turning their horſes into the ſtable without taking proper care of them. Many a fine beaſt was killed in this way when the King fled, not ſo much by hard riding as by hard uſage. If any one brings horſes into this country, he ſhould bring his groom with him, or probably he may not carry them out again. You are fond of horſes, or I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much on the ſubject.

The ſlowneſs of the proceedings, and want of energy, in the Committees, is a general cauſe of complaint. It is often mentioned in the Aſſembly, but hitherto without redreſs. The mode of admiſſion to places in the civil and military depart-

ments is, it ſeems, very difficult to decide upon, and the candidates for poſts in either are obliged to wait three or four months at Paris, after every thing has been in a manner determined. The truth is, that till the Conſtitution has been accepted, nothing will be concluded. Paris is at this moment at the diſpoſal of the ſeveral Committees of the National Aſſembly, and under their immediate dependence. The aſſeſſment of the ſeveral taxes is alſo a work of ſo much nicety, that it has been lately decreed, that they ſhall in many inſtances be received upon the old rates till farther orders. It has been decreed alſo, that the King may reject the Conſtitution, or accept it, as he pleaſes, but without any conditions whatſoever. This alternative is imperious, but wiſe beyond all doubt. The

Abbé Joubert, Biſhop of Angouleme, upon this decree put a queſtion to the Houſe—In caſe of an abdication *de fait, ou de droit*, what was to become of the King? become of him, anſwers a Member from the oppoſite ſide, *Il ſeroit maitre d'ecole à Corinthe*.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

September.

I HAVE great news to ſend you; the Conſtitution is finiſhed, and preſented to the King by ſixty Members. His Majeſty received them moſt graciouſly, and told them, he would examine the Conſtitution which they had laid before him, in the ſhorteſt time that a matter of ſuch importance could poſſibly be conſidered; and farther, that it was his intention not to quit Paris, and that he would give immediate orders to the Commander in Chief for the formation of his own body-guard. This is, as it were, the death-blow to Democrate, and Ariſtocrate, and the

the ſignal of re-union to all parties, under the King and the Conſtitution.

The Deputies returned from the King perfectly ſatisfied with their reception, and the populace cried inceſſantly, *Long live the King and the Conſtitution.* The gardens of the Thuilleries are now open, and the Royal Family ſhew themſelves perpetually at the window. Madame de la Tourzelle, the Dauphin's Governeſs, is permitted to walk an hour in the day on the Terrace, or elſewhere in the gardens. The King received the Deputies in the Council-chamber ſtanding; the Miniſters were behind him; Monſ. Montmorin wore his blue riband, which he has a right to do, becauſe the abolition of the Order does not takes place till the acceptance and ratification. Monſ. Thouret was the Preſident of the deputation, and preſented

ſented the Conſtitutional Act. The King read his anſwer, and gave it to the Preſident. The Preſident prognoſticated the end of the Revolution from the completion of the Conſtitution.

Whilſt the Conſtitution was printing, Monſ. Camus made a very material diſcovery of a ſingular omiſſion, which he immediately communicated to the Aſſembly: the Aſſembly had decreed, that the Conſtitution was totally and entirely finiſhed and completed; this decree was ſuppreſſed, which was the ſeal of the letter, for without this it might be opened and altered at pleaſure by the ſucceeding Legiſlature. The Aſſembly immediately ordered the following paragraph to be added to the Conſtitution after the ſignature of the Preſident and Secretaries; and

the ſignature of the Preſident, &c. to be repeated at the end, as thus:

L'Aſſemblée Nationale ayant entendu la lecture de l'Acte Conſtitutionnel ci deſſus, et après l'avoir approuvé, declare que la Conſtitution eſt terminée, et qu'elle ne peut y rien changer.

Il ſera nommé à l'inſtant, une Deputation de ſoixante Membres, pour offrier dans le jour, l'Acte Conſtitutionnel au Roi.

Signé

VERNIER, *Preſident.*

Pougeard Couppé, Mailly Chateaurenaud, Chaillon Aubry, Evéques du Departement de la Meuſe, Darche, Secretaires.

So much for the famous Conſtitution, which is now in the head of Jupiter, and will come out, it is to be preſumed, ſhortly, armed at all points, a ſecond Minerva. We will leave it for the preſent where it is, and try to find ſome other epiſtolary matter; I muſt add, however, that the acceptance is conſidered as a matter of courſe, and although the Republicans dread the thing, they by no means doubt it. The general remark is, that the kingdom of France is certainly worth *un coup de plume*. The interim is, nevertheleſs, dreadful to ſome, and unpleaſant to all. The Jacobins loſe no time in putting the people in mind of the plan concerted and intended to be put into execution, in caſe the King had reached the frontiers. On the return of his Majeſty triumphant, after he ſhould

have

have ſubdued his rebellious ſubjects, and re-eſtabliſhed the Government which his brothers and his Miniſters ſhould have dictated to him, a general amneſty was to be publiſhed, with an exception of ſixty-four perſons. The deſign of this ſuggeſtion is evident, but, probably, it will not have the deſired effect, as it is already ſaid, that on Monday next the King will finally accept and ſign it.

An article in the Engliſh newſpapers, copied into the French, ſays, that the Royal Eſcape, in which James the Second took his flight, when he abdicated and abandoned his three kingdoms for a maſs, is now taking to pieces at Deptford; upon which the French Democrates inſiſt, that the precedent is a good one, and the carriage in which Louis Seize

ran away to Varennes, ſhould be treated in the ſame manner, that no monument may exiſt of any vehicle that had been proſtituted to ſo cowardly a purpoſe.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

Sept.

THE badneſs of the bread at Paris makes every body, who knows how ſore the people are on this article, apprehenſive for the peace of the inhabitants. Monſieur Bailli being threatened the other day with the lamp-poſt, was under the neceſſity of making his way from the corn-market back to the town-hall with ſome precipitation; ſince that the ſacks have been viſited in the magazines, and one in twelve has been found unfit for uſe. The Pariſians, that is, the lower claſs, live as it were by bread alone, from whence it may be eaſily conceived how neceſſary it

is that it ſhould be good and palatable, not naſty and diſguſting, as it has been, and now really is. It was this that firſt *lit* the flame of murmur and diſcontent three years ago, and will not fail to do it again, if the ſpirit of monopoly is not checked, and the iniquity of the corn-factors entirely repreſſed. The muſtineſs of the corn is owing to this cauſe ſolely: the dealers who buy up great quantities and profit by the artificial famine which they create, are not always careful to keep their ſtore-houſes well viſited and examined from time to time; and when the corn is not turned, or is crowded into too narrow a compaſs, it muſt ſpoil: add to this, that the factors are afraid of a diſcovery which might lead them to the lantern. I make no doubt but that the bad corn which is mixt with the good, is as old as the laſt famine. One reaſon for the ſcar-

city

city of corn at this ſeaſon is a natural one, it is the ſeed-time; another is, that the new corn is not yet brought to market, ſince from the want of wind and water, neither the water-mills nor the wind-mills can work.

It is a fact well known, that the English ſtage is a great copier of the French, and that we have few entire comedies that owe nothing of their plot or their language to French pieces. I ſaw lately at the French theatre a play called *La Fauſſe Agnès*, of which Foote's Maria in the Citizen is a ſervile copy. *La Fauſſe Agnès* affects idiotcy in order to diſguſt a lover, who is not of her own chooſing. Foote came to Paris every year in order to catch the manners living as they came into birth, and ſhoot folly on the wing, that he might exhibit her in the Hay-market

new ſtuffed and in her own feathers, while the gloſs was yet upon them. Voltaire ſays, that the Engliſh are the moſt credulous people in the world; they will go to the play to ſee a man put himſelf into a quart bottle. This is undoubtedly very true, and he might have added in ſuch numbers, that a great man loſt his ſword in the crowd. The French, too, are exceedingly curious, and I make no doubt, that were you to advertiſe the ſame thing at this inſtant, they would all go till the houſe could hold no more.

The Abbé M—— is at this moment the ſcape-goat of the party, no one will liſten to him, and after repeated trials, it is but very lately that he has been able to make himſelf heard from the tribune. At length he has ſpoken for two hours as the Pope's advocate, but to no purpoſe.

The

The Aſſembly have determined that Avignon belongs to France, and ſhall be no longer the property of his holineſs, upon this ground only, that the inhabitants, that is, the French party, have offered the country to the National Aſſembly, and the Aſſembly have deſired the King to name commiſſioners to treat for the exchange. The Abbé Maury is called the man of eight hundred farms. I underſtand his priory of Lions is divided into a number of farms for the convenience of the renters, and is worth forty-two thouſand livres a year, and is now reduced to ſix, that is, the Abbé receives ſix thouſand from the nation. This living was reſigned to him by l'Abbé Boyſmont, when he was at the laſt gaſp, in order probably to make ſome proviſion for a miſtreſs and a valet de chambre, who were to be ſaddled on the new incumbent; a thing, they

they ſay, not more uncommon in this country than elſewhere. L'Abbé N—— and Monſieur P——l, a phyſician of great practice in this town, are two twin ſons of adventure, they both arrived together at Paris *le baton à la main*, and both made fortunes in the capital by their talents and their perſeverance.

Ever your's,

LETTER XLVI.

Sept.

THE Aſſembly has aboliſhed the place of commander in chief, and ordered that the duty ſhall be done by the captain of each of the ſixty diviſions in their turn.

The King went yeſterday to the National Aſſembly to accept the Conſtitution and to ſign it. The Aſſembly received him on their legs till he was ſeated, but as ſoon as he got up to read his acceptance of the Conſtitution, they ſat down. When his Majeſty had finiſhed, he looked round and ſaw every body ſeated but Monſieur Malouet, upon which the King took his

 ſeat

ſeat as one of the Houſe. This mark of condeſcenſion loſt nothing of its effect on the Aſſembly, who were loud and inceſſant in their applauſe. Monſieur Malouet was of another opinion, but could make no proſelytes. The Preſident then roſe, and bowing to the King, ſat down again and read his ſpeech. The King's letter, which had been ſent to the National Aſſembly the day before, is much liked, and is ſaid to be very well written. The weak part of it is the excuſe his Majeſty attempts to make for not facing the ſtorm, and leaving Paris, becauſe the laws were weak, and the licentiouſneſs of opinion was ſtrong; had you, ſays he, preſented me the Conſtitution at that time, I ſhould moſt certainly have rejected it. After paying the Aſſembly many compliments on the happy progreſs they had made ſince that period in order and diſcipline; he

he adds farther, that truth and ſincerity require, he ſhould tell them, how much energy was ſtill wanting in the adminiſtration of the kingdom and the execution of every law which could give firmneſs and unity to the ſeveral parts of the vaſt empire of France; and ſince the opinions were ſo much divided on the means proper for the acquiſition of order, juſtice, and univerſal harmony, he was apprehenſive, that nothing ſhort of experience could decide finally upon the ſubject, and adjuſt the merits of the ſeveral modes propoſed for the attainment of the end. His Majeſty concludes by recommending a general reconciliation and univerſal amneſty, that every one, who, by an attachment to his ſovereign, ſhall have incurred the diſpleaſure of the nation, may be at liberty to return to his country unqueſtioned and unmoleſted; and that thoſe who have

levelled

levelled the exceſs of their reſentment particularly againſt him, and on that account have become obnoxious to the laws, may experience a pardon, and find that he is equally the King of all who bear the name of Frenchmen. In this letter he accepts the Conſtitution, and pledges himſelf to maintain it, and contribute to its execution with the whole of his power. In a poſtſcript his Majeſty obſerves, that he thought it his duty to ratify this engagement, and to uphold the Conſtitution in the very place which had given it birth, for which reaſon he propoſed to meet the Aſſembly of the nation the next day at noon.

The reading of the letter was frequently interrupted by repeated applauſe from the left ſide of the Preſident, and ſome members on the right ſeemed to forget

for

for a moment their antipathy to the Conſtitution, by joining in the general ſatisfaction; but all the reſt of the right ſide knit their brows with evident marks of diſapprobation, and looked at one another with confuſion and deſpair. The joy within was ſoon communicated to the eager expectations of the crowd without, and the friends of the Conſtitution teſtified their ſatisfaction by ſhouts of applauſe upon the ſpot, and by univerſal illuminations at night. The King went, as I have told you, the next day in ſtate to the Aſſembly, and the Preſident, as ſoon as his Majeſty had ſigned, told his Majeſty, that through the ſuppreſſion of abuſes, the empire had been re-eſtabliſhed upon the moſt ſolid baſis by the National Aſſembly; that the nation at large had ratified what the Aſſembly decreed; that the very men who were blinded by ſub-

ſiſting prejudice, and paſt prerogative, became the unwilling teſtimonies of the truth that he advanced. The attachment of the people, Sire, is the ſafe-guard of royalty—but the chief ſupport of the faireſt crown in the univerſe is the neceſſity of an HEREDITARY MONARCHY for the Government of a great nation.

The tone and ſtrength of this language appeared to give the ſame ſatisfaction to the Houſe, that the letter of the King had done the day before.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

THE diſcontented at this preſent moment are thoſe who call themſelves the friends of the King, and whom the people call Ariſtocrates. The conduct of his Majeſty they think too humiliating in the firſt inſtance, and in the next place, they cannot but conſider it as an eternal bar to the golden viſion of a happy reſtoration, under abſolute power, unchecked, and uncontrouled; in ſhort, ſay they, we are betrayed. The King has liſtened to the Queen, ſhe has made peace at our expence. The Government nevertheleſs, notwithſtanding all murmur and all oppoſition,

is

is well planned, and wants nothing but a ſpeedy execution. The people on the other ſide are for the union of the monarchical with the democratical, and are ready enough to ſay ſo on all occaſions. They ſhewed their temper pretty clearly the other night at the Italian theatre, where the Deſerter was played, when one louder than the reſt was ſingled out by the boxes for crying, *Vive le Roi.* The Ariſtocrates wiſhed to turn him out, and voted him a nuiſance; but the pit ſaid, if you deſire to have him turned out, you muſt come down and do it yourſelves, for we reprove no one for applauding the King.

On the ſubject of theatrical exhibitions one might eaſily be eloquent, would the matter always ſupport the writer or the ſpeaker. New pieces are continually

brought

brought forward, which, for the moſt part, are not longer lived than the Ephemeridês, that but for twenty-four hours, and die a natural death. The Imprudent Wife is a new comedy, which has been played ſeveral times, and has, I believe, the merit of circumſtantial and local truth, ſince the ſtory, they ſay, is the author's own caſe, who has been divorced from his wiſe. He has been more fortunate in his play than in real life, as he has not been able to re-unite himſelf with his lady, though he has brought hero and heroine together again at the end of the fifth act, and much too in the manner of Lord and Lady Townly. The moſt remarkable Revolution has taken place that can be conceived, within theſe few laſt days, on the national ſtage, or theatre of the nation. Since the King accepted the Con-

ſtitution, the ſame people that command-ed Brutus, *ou la liberté conquiſe*, have ordered Gaſton and Bayard; every one who recollects the applauſe with which the following verſe was received,

"Si dans le ſein de Rome, il ſe trouvoit un traitre,"

muſt be the more aſtoniſhed to find the ſame audience hear with compoſure and even acclamation, the Filmerian and patriarchal dictates of Gaſton and Bayard, as for example:

"Dieu dit a tout ſujet grand il lui donna l'être,
"Sers pour me bien ſervir ta patrie, et ton maitre,
"Sur la terre à ton Roi j'ai remis tout pouvoir,
"Vivre et mourir pour lui c'eſt ton dernier devoir."

What ſay you to theſe inconteſtable marks of ſudden revolution in ſentiment;

are you not convinced that the French love a King, and are fond of putting their truſt in him? It is fortunate, however, that they have bound him with chains, which he cannot eaſily break; they have paired the nails, and drawn the teeth of the lion, and made him perfectly harmleſs; and yet, for all this, though the direct avenues to expence are blocked up, though the extravagance of power is clogged with checks and reſtraints, yet it will require great vigilance and perpetual attention in the virtuous Members of the National Aſſembly, to counteract all the baſe obliquities of corruption. And it ought to be remembered, that to repreſs the exceſſes of a court which is ever tending to extravagance, is the only ſure way to prevent the horrors of a reign being acted over again, which have ſo lately reduced the

garden of the world, and its amiable inhabitants, to a howling defart and inhuman favages.

Ever your's.

LETTER XLVIII.

Sept. 26.

AN universal fête was ordered to celebrate the happy restoration of royal liberty, and the completion of the Constitution on Sunday last, and repeated again with still greater eclat yesterday. A French ode was composed, set to music, and executed by the royal band on the altar of the nation in the Champ de Mars. At night the transparencies and illuminations were exhibited in the most magnificent manner all over Paris, and particularly in the Thuilleries and the Elysian fields. The King, and Queen, and Dauphin, made their progress through the people from

from nine till eleven, with Monſieur de la Fayette and the royal guards, and were moſt graciouſly received in all parts. The coup d'œil from the center of the Thuilleries to the Barrière, and from the Grille de Chaillot to the bridges, was the moſt magnificent thing poſſible. The expence of lighting the Thuilleries and the Elyſian fields was defrayed by his Majeſty and charged to the civil liſt at the King's expreſs deſire. The joy ſeemed moſt general, and no act of miſtruſt or want of perfect confidence appeared, but in one laughable inſtance, where a cobler had illuminated his ſtall with two candles, and a tranſparency, on which was the following device:

"Vive le Roi,
"S'il eſt de bonne foi."

At

At ſix o'clock on the eighteenth, Monſieur Saint Croix aſcended, with a pleaſant breeze, from the Elyſian fields in a cock boat, or a little bark in the ſhape of a cock attached to a balloon, and deſcended at nine, or, perhaps, ſomewhat later, at Garſius de Brie, fifteen leagues from Paris.

The King and Queen went the next day to the opera on the Boulevards, and were welcomed with perpetual acclamations. The interval of ſilence during the performance were awful and majeſtic. In the ballet, the torches of the demons in Caſtor and Pollux illuminated the King's box, and brought forward the royal figures, as it were, from the picture; at that moment there was a burſt of applauſe for ſome minutes.

The

The King and Royal Family were yesterday at the national theatre to ſee the Governante, which was ordered on account of Madame Elizabeth. The curioſity in all this, I find, is to ſee the King, which makes nothing too dear for a place. His Majeſty never was at the play before during his reign, but incognito, and in a a loge grillée. It is ſuppoſed that he will viſit the other theatres in their turn, at leaſt the principal ones. Between the acts, the famous quatuor in Lucile was played: "*Ou peut on être mieux*," *le Chœur d'Iphigenie*, "*Que d'attraits, que de Majeſté! l'ouverture des deux pages. Chantons un Roi qu'on aime, qu'on aime pour lui-même. Le Chœur d'Iphigenie. Chantons, celebrons notre reine.*"

The King's name begins now to be reſtored to the ſigns, hotels, and academies, where

where he presided, and Paris seems a new creature. The influx of foreigners is at this instant beyond all credibility; there never were so many strangers of all nations in this capital as at this present time. The National Assembly are fluttering on the wing, and ready to take their flight on Saturday next, the first of October. When they want to get rid of a question, they put it off to the first of October, which is *ad Græcas Calendas*, *sine die*. The new Members are for the most part arrived and ready to take their seats.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

September.

MONSIEUR Malouet has demanded an account of the National Aſſembly of all monies that have been expended ſince its eſtabliſhment. I ſhould have told you, that Monſ. Monteſquieu has read a Memoir, in three parts, on the paſt and preſent ſtate of the finances, of which I will give you ſome details in another letter. The Aſſembly ſay, in reply to Monſ. Malouet and the Abbé Mauri, that it is true the orders were iſſued from them, for the ſeveral ſums of the public money, but that the caſh has

not

not paſſed through their hands; and, as an adminiſtrative corps, they are not accountable. Monſieur Malouet, ſtill inſiſting on the details of every part of the payments, and the receipts, and vouchers, was referred to an enormous pile of papers, which, on account of the extraordinary expence of the impreſſion, could not be made public, but might be examined in the Committee of Finance. Monſ. Monteſquieu had already conſulted theſe papers, and had found that the account which he had printed tallied with the accounts on the table. Monſ. Malouet accuſed the Committee, the Miniſter, and the Academy of Sciences, of groſs ignorance in all theſe matters; upon which Monſ. Charles Lameth remarked, *Que ſi le comité, la commiſſion, le miniſtre, et l'Academie des Sciences ſont des ignorans, il n'y a que le Pere-eternel qui pût nous eclairer.*

eclairer. Passons à l'ordre du jour. Mont. Malouet said a few words, that he did not wish to excite any tumult; that if the Assembly allowed the state of the finances published by Mons. Montesquieu to be true, that was the account which must be delivered down to their successors. Thus this business fell to the ground, in spite of the incendiary advertisements, and anonymous menaces, that denounced vengeance on all citizens and national guards, that did not aid and assist in detaining the Assembly at Paris, till they had given in their accounts. The question, however, was not got rid of before the President Thouret had called the whole *coté droit* '*des inflames*;' and not before the Abbé Mauri had been driven from the tribune; and, in spite of the most Stentorian exertions for the space of two hours, had been reduced to silence

by

by official authority. The inflammatory papers were ſigned by one man only, and he was an Ariſtocrate.

The Aſſembly has changed its opinion and decree concerning the body of Rouſſeau, and now think, that the attachment of Monſ. Girardin to his illuſtrious friend ought to be ſo far reſpected as to leave him in poſſeſſion of his aſhes. A monument is to be erected in the new Pantheon to the memory of the author of the Social Contract. The Archbiſhop of Paris informed the Aſſembly, that he ſolicited the attendance of the Deputies at the cathedral of Notre Dame to hear the *Te Deum*, or thankſgiving for the completion of the Conſtitution: his Grâce flattered the Aſſembly on its piety, *L'Aſſemblé (dit il) ayant donné tant de preuves eclatantes de ſa profonde pieté.* I think the

Aſſembly muſt have ſmiled, for profound piety in a country,

Où nul mortel veut être devot,

muſt be a non-exiſting entity. The religion of France has ever been at the drum-head; the pious fraud of the cloiſter, and monaſtic endowment, ſerved but for an exemption from patriotic contribution, and to the prejudice of national revenue: but as ſoon as it was clearly perceived that the body politic was ruined and undone, whilſt the body eccleſiaſtic rolled in abundance, it was immediately determined, without a diſſentient voice, that a religious profeſſion was no title to excluſive affluence, on any ſcore of pretended piety, or affected godlineſs. This is no new caſe; Cicero tells us, that the Roman tax-gatherers would not ſuffer

any lands to be tax-free, becaufe they belonged to the immortal Gods; they faid, there was no fuch thing as immortal Gods, who had been mortal men;—*Noftri quidem publicani, cum effent agri in Bæotia deorum immortalium excepti lege cenforiâ, negabant immortales effe ullos, qui aliquando homines fuiffent.* The misfortune, however, is, that the true religion is involved in the difgrace of the falfe one, and no pains are taken to diftinguifh the one from the other.

Ever your's.

LETTER L.

October 1.

I NOW take my leave, having led you, and, I hope, like Montaigne, *par des paijs plus agreables que je n'ai promis*, from the King's evasion, and disastrous flight, to his happy return, and peaceful restoration.

I have brought you also to the conclusion of the first Legislature, which took place yesterday, when the King went to the House *pour la cloture de l' Assemblée*. This day the new Parliament meet, and take their seats.

In

In order to enable you to judge of the finances of the country, I have added some obſervations on the ſtate of its debt, and the proviſion there is to pay it. In addition to the eighteen hundred millions of aſſignats already iſſued, one hundred millions more have been decreed. It is ſaid, that the ſecond Legiſlature intend to lay ſome additional burdens on the Civil Liſt.

The Sallon, or exhibition of the works of the French artiſts, has been open theſe three weeks; it has been determined lately, that no excluſions ſhould operate to the prejudice of any one, and that all, from the higheſt to the loweſt, Academician or not, were at liberty to hang up their pictures in the Louvre. The conſequence of this permiſſion is a ſuperabundant influx of very moderate and

moſt wretched performances; but the new ſons of liberty ſee nothing wrong in this, and cry, *Tant mieux; on n'a pas donc à redouter la monotonie de la perfection.* The good pictures are by David, Madame le Brun, Boze, and Hue, a painter of landſcape, and another whoſe name is Claſſic, Monſ. le Sueur. I like the French ſculpture much better than their painting.

I ſhould not omit a picture of Suſanna and the Elders by Monſ. Fabre, which has conſiderable merit, eſpecially in the female figure, a copy, if I miſtake not, of Guido's St. Sebaſtian in the Capitol at Rome. Monſ. Fabre's picture is No. 305.

No. 375 is an incomparable view of the Fiſh-market at Rome, by Monſ. Robert,

bert, an Academician, who lives in the house of Moliere at Auteil, a village near Paſſy; Boileau's reſidence was alſo in this neighbourhood.

Before I cloſe my correſpondence, I muſt ſo far fulfil my promiſe, as to ſay a word on the only relict of antiquity now exiſting at Paris; the Palais de Thermes, or the Palais Julien. The inſide and outſide of the walls are compoſed of a certain number of rows of ſquare ſtones, and then four rows of flat Roman bricks, which reſemble the bricks employed in the Tower, called Julius Cæſar's, at Dover, and the manner of conſtruction in both buildings ſeemed to me nearly the ſame. The Palais de Thermes was built, it has been ſaid, after Severus's time, and therefore might be what

 it

it is called, a part of the Emperor Julian's palace.

The news of the day is, that a Milord Anglois has loſt one hundred and thirty thouſand livres at billiards at the Poloneſe club; they played the whole night, and before twelve o'clock Milord had won ſeventeen thouſand livres; but a ſad reverſe took place in the morning,

Ever your's.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
FINANCES.

ONZE cents millions ont été employés, ſoit aux rembourſemens de 1789, 90 & 91, ſoit à venir au ſecours du tréſor public.

Deux milliards trois cent millions ſont néceſſaires pour l'acquittement de la dette exigible.

	Liv.
Total	3,400,000,000

Voici

Voici les ressources de la nation pour faire face à cette somme.

Domaines nationaux.

	Liv.
1°. Les biens vendus sur 414 districts ont monté a	735,034,753
Il faut ajouter, pour 104 districts, sur les 130 qui n'ont pas donné d'états, le quart de cette somme	183,758,688
Pour les 26 districts restans, le quart de cette dernière somme —	45,939,672
Total des biens vendus	964,733,113

2°. Les biens à vendre sur 414 districts sont évalués à —	647,614,298

 Pour

Pour 104 diſtricts ſur les 130 qui n'ont pas fourni d'états, le quart de cette ſomme . —	*Liv.* 161,903,574
Pour les 26 diſtricts reſtans, le quart de cette dernière ſomme —	40,475,893
Il s'agit à préſent d'évaluer ce que produiront à la vente, des biens eſtimés 849,993,765 liv.	
On ne peut encore ſe régler que par l'experience que nous avons. Juſqu'ici les biens vendus ont dépaſſé l'eſtimation de plus de deux tiers ; ne mettons que les 3/5e. & nous aurons —	509,996,259
Total des biens à vendre	1,359,990,024

3°. Les

3°. Les biens dont la vente est suspendue, sont estimés —	*Liv.* 167,875,734
Pour 104 districts sur les 130 qui n'ont pas fourni d'états, le quart de cette somme —	41,968,433
Pour les 26 districts restans, le quart de cette dernière somme	10,492,108
	220,336,275
On ne portera la plus value de cette partie qu'au quart, au lieu des 3 cinquièmes —	55,033,569
Total des biens dont la vente est suspendue	275,369,844

Les

Les bois.

	Liv.
Le compte de 414 diſtricts les porte à	299,007,359
Pour 104 diſtricts ſur les 130 qui n'ont pas fourni d'états, le quart de cette ſomme —	74,751,839
Pour les 26 reſtans, le quart de cette dernière ſomme	18,687,959
Total des bois	392,447,158

Il eſt connu que cette eſtimation ne monte pas à la moitié de la valeur des bois. Nous n'entrons dans aucuns details à ce ſujet, parce que nous ne comprenons pas le bois dans notre évaluation.

Objets

Objets non compris dans les états.

Les anciens domaines de la couronne —	*Liv.* 200,000,000
Le rachat des mouvances féodales tant du domaine de la couronne, que de celui du clergé, & les rentes dues au domaine	300,000,000
	500,000,000
La créance américaine, celle du duc de Deux-Ponts, & les reprises du trésor public sur les comptables	100,000,000
	600,000,000

Enfin sur les forêts, il seroit possible sans altérer l'importance de la réserve nationale de tous les corps de forêts, de distraire les taillis épars de trois &

quatre

quatre cents arpens ; il s'en trouveroit pour plus de —	*Liv.* 300,000,000
Total géneral,	3,500,000,000

Nous avons eu un double but en présentant ces états. Le premier, de faire connoître aux amis & aux ennemis de la France l'étendue de ses moyens. Le second, d'apprendre aux représentans de la nation qu'il n'y a pas un moment à perdre pour la perception des contributions ; que les recettes & les dépenses doivent être mises au niveau, puisque la caisse de l'extraordinaire ne pourroit plus fournir au trésor public sans detruire le gage des créanciers de l'état.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS.

NOUS avons donné hier l'état des dépenſes que les aſſignats étoient deſtinés à couvrir, et le tableau de la valeur des biens qui ſont le gage des aſſignats, & nous avons démontré qu'ils ſe balançoient réciproquement. Aujourd'hui, nous préſentons le tableau des recettes & des dépenſes, à deux époques différentes.

La première, depuis le premier Mai 1789 juſqu'au premier Janvier 1791.

La ſeconde comprend le ſémeſtre de cette année.

Pre-

Première époque.

Pour fournir à tous les paiemens faits au trésor public, relatif au service antérieur au 1er. Janvier 1791, il a été reçu

	Liv.
	1,437,001,153
& dépensé	1,400,331,233
Qu'ainsi il devoit rester en caisse —	36,669,920
Ce reste en caisse est effectivement le premier article du compte des recettes de 1791	
La dépense est composée de trois articles,	
1°. Les dépenses ordinaires: elles montent à	883,345,226
2°. Les dépenses extraordinaires: elles montent à	105,278,143

 3°. Les

	Liv.
3°. Les rembourſemens faits directement au tréſor public : ils montent à	411,707,864
Total comme ci-deſſus	1,400,331,233
La recette eſt composée de quatre articles,	
1°. Les recettes ordinaires : elles montent à	663,563,372
2°. Les recettes provenant d'emprunts, dons patriotiques : elles montent à	60,920,362
3°. Les recettes des billets de caiſſe en 1789 & 1790, & d'aſſignats en Octobre, Novembre & Décembre 1790 : elles montent à	524,095,000
4°. Les recettes en aſſignats, payés dans le premier ſemeſtre 1791, pour acquitter le reſte des dé-	

penſes de 1790 : elles	*Liv.*
montent à	188,422,419
Total comme ci-deſſus	1,437,001,153

Or, 1°. les dépenſes ordinaires ont été inférieures de 2,500,000l. à celles d'un tems égal antérieur à l'Aſſemblée nationale.

2°. Les dépenſes extraordinaires ſont preſque toutes une ſuite des ordres donnés par l'ancienne adminiſtration. Ce ſont les travaux des ports, les achats des grains, les atteliers de charité ; il n'y a de relatif à ces derniers tems que les achats de numéraire, les frais de l'Aſſemblée nationale, qui ne ſont placés que depuis le 1er. Janvier de cette année au rang des dépenſes ordinaires, & les avances

 qu'il

qu'il a fallu faire pour accélérer le paiement du culte de 1790.

3°. Les remboursemens auroient été faits à la caisse de l'extraordinaire, si cette caisse eût existé plutôt. Ils l'ont été au trésor public, & ils ont dû l'être ainsi. La dette qu'ils ont acquittée étoit bien réellement dette de l'état. Elle seroit encore due si elle n'avoit pas été payée. Cet article est donc à l'abri de toute critique.

Deuxième époque.

Les dépenses ordinaires doivent monter, suivant le décret, à	291,350,000
Jusqu'ici elles leur sont inférieures.	

Les

	Liv.
Les fecondes montent à	27,262,185
En fupplément de folde pour l'augmentation de l'armée. —	596,914
Total	319,209,099
Les recettes de cette année confiftent,	
1°. En recettes ordinaires	146,287,453
2°. En affignats pour fuppléer au vuide des recettes —	145,062,547
3°. En affignats pour payer les dépenfes extraordinaires —	27,262,185
Et *idem* pour le fupplément de folde de l'augmentation de l'armée	596,914
Total, fomme pareille	319,209,099

La réunion des recettes & des dépenses de 1789, 1790 & six premiers mois 1791, donne		*Liv.*
En recettes	—	1,756,210,252
En dépenses	—	1,719,540,332
En caisse,	—	36,669,920

PARI-

PARISIANA.

French Revolution.

THE French Revolution may be juſtly conſidered as the moſt extraordinary event of the eighteenth century. General Paoli ſays, in a letter to his friend at Paris, "A Revolution ſo ſudden, and ſo uni- "verſal, Homer, with the aid of all his "gods, could never have hoped to have "brought about."

Character of the French.

Monteſquieu, in deſcribing his countrymen, ſays, they have *une humeur ſo-*

ciale, une ouverture de cœur, une joie dans la vie, un gout, une facilité à communiquer ses pensées, vive agreeable, enjouée, quelquefois imprudente, souvent indiscrete; du courage, de la generosité, la franchise, un certain point d'honneur; il ne faudroit pas gener ses manieres par des loix, pour ne point gener ses virtus. What a pity it is, poor human nature! that repeated acts of the most cruel outrage, and the most savage barbarity, should ever be laid to the charge of so amiable and so accomplished a people!

Enemies.

The four enemies of the new infant State of France are, *La Metaphysique, La Vanité, L'Ambition, La Vengeance.* Metaphysics make a country romantic, and its government Utopian; Vanity a public

public ſpectacle ; Ambition a field of battle ; and Vengeance a deſert.

Finances.

At the cloſe of the firſt National Aſſembly, Monſ. Monteſquieu informed the Houſe, that the receipts had been, from the firſt of May 1789, to the firſt of May 1791, thirteen hundred and fourteen millions, and the expences twelve hundred and ſeventy-eight millions, of which three hundred millions were expended in putting the frontiers in a ſtate of defence. Thirteen hundred and fourteen millions, he added, were ten millions leſs in two years than under the old eſtabliſhment.

Donations.

Donations of pious perſons to the Church are in this manner:

"I give to God and St. Martin my "lands and hereditaments,"—but never is it ſaid, to the Clergy or any of its members. Now, as the ſaints are no more, and God is out of the queſtion, the legacy muſt lapſe, and the nation, as univerſal reſiduary legatee, takes out letters of adminiſtration to the whole of the real and perſonal eſtate of the deceaſed.

Dictionnaire de l'Academie.

Le Dictionnaire de l'Academie eſt le grand regulateur de la pensée Françoiſe:

il n'a marqué qu'un pareil livre à la tour de Babel.

Buffon.

Monſ. Buffon is ſo poetical in his proſe, that when Voltaire was aſked his opinion of the ſtyle of Buffon's Natural Hiſtory, his anſwer was, "Not ſo natural."

Monteſquieu.

There was no majeſty, ſays Monteſquieu, in the laws of the lower empire, becauſe they were made by lawyers and rhetoricians.

Car tout rheteur en diſant ce qu'il faut,
Ne croit jamais s'élever aſſez haut ;
C'eſt en diſant ce qu'il ne faut pas dire,
Qu'il s'eblouit, ſe delecte, et s'admire.

Petites

Petites Propriétés.

France depends ſo much on its ſucceſs in agriculture, that it becomes daily more and more expedient for her to multiply ſmall farms, and deſtroy the right of primogeniture.

Panegyric.

Panegyriſts, biographers, and literary portrait-painters, have all their particular defects: the emphatical tone of the panegyriſt, the dryneſs of the biographer, and the rage for antitheſis in the portrait-painters, are equally tireſome and diſguſting.

Church

The church is the enormous and gluttonous branch of the political tree, which has drawn to itſelf all the ſap, and dried up and impoveriſhed the trunk which gave it birth.

Arguments for the Abolition of the Church Lands.

The public utility is the only ſupreme law which ought to be univerſally recognized. Too much reſpect ought not to be ſhewn to the intentions of ſuperſtitious founders. Ignorant individuals confined in their views of futurity, and narrowed in their underſtandings as to the paſt and the preſent, ſhould not be permitted

mitted to bind by the caprice of their wills nations unborn, and generations not yet in existence. If foundations, multiplied by vanity, were suffered to remain for ever, they would absorb all property; we ought, therefore, to be enabled to destroy them; for if every man had a monument, no place would be left for the ploughshare or the reaping-hook, and in order to make provision for the living, you would be obliged to remove the tombs of the dead.

These arguments are good against all monastic institutions, but by no means apply to the defence or excuse of the invasion of church property, in which, though every man had his mound, there would be still sufficient room to plow and to sow, without disturbing the ashes of the deceased.

Lands of the Clergy

Belong neither to the clergy nor to the nation. To whom then do they belong? Why to nobody! By an axiom in law, *Res univerſitatis ſunt res nullius*, what belongs to every body belongs to nobody, and yet it was decided by 568 againſt 346, that the lands of the clergy were national lands, and at the diſpoſition of the nation. Forty members gave no vote on the queſtion.

Gaming.

Gaming at preſent in Paris is the hinge on which all ſociety turns. There is none without it.

Dinner-hour.

An author, in the year 1779, wrote twenty pages in the French Mercury, to prove the expediency of putting off the thé dinner-hour.

J. J. Rouſſeau.

The Baroneſs de Stael, daughter of Mr. Necker, has given us a portrait of Rouſſeau, which is full of contradictions: *Il*
"*avoit beaucoup de douceur dans l'ame, et*
"*d'acrété dans l'humeur ; beaucoup d'aban-*
"*don et defiance ; de grandeur, et de peti-*
"*teſſe : ſes actions étoient quelquefois baſſes,*
"*mais ſes ſentimens toujours divins.*"

Iron

Iron Cages.

Guillaume Faraucourt was the inventor of cages of iron; he was Biſhop of Verdun, and, like Perillus, was the firſt who was ſhut up, during fourteen years, in his own work, at the caſtle of Angers.

J. J. Rouſſeau.

Boſſuet poſſeſſed more fire than Rouſſeau.

Fenelon more ſweetneſs.

Monteſquieu more political knowledge.

Buffon more ſagacity.

Voltaire more grace, more eaſe, more taſte.

But for the charm of expreſſion of the obvious, the ſimple, and the natural, no one ever yet ſurpaſſed him.

Fable.

The moſt perfect fable of antiquity is Horace's Country Mouſe, and City Mouſe; De La Fontaine in his imitation has fallen infinitely ſhort of his original.

Revolution.

The troubles of Paris in the year 1356, after the battle of Poitiers, have ſome reſemblance to the diſturbances occaſioned by the preſent Revolution in France.

After the battle of Poitiers between the armies of the Prince of Wales and the

French King, in which King John was taken prisoner and led captive to Bourdeaux; the Dauphin, Prince Charles, who had not yet attained his twentieth year, summoned the States General to meet him at Paris. The youth and inexperience of the Dauphin, and the cowardice of the nobility at the battle of Poitiers, prompted Robert le Coqs, Bishop of Laon, and Stephen Marcel, Mayor of Paris, (to whom Mirabeau alluded in his compliment to Bailly, '*Tu Marcellus* '*eris*') to seize on the Government and its Council, and to make themselves masters of the Dauphin. As soon as the truce was signed at Bourdeaux, John ordered his son to rescind all the acts of the convocation: but it was impossible to obey the mandate, on account of the great ascendant which Robert le Coqs and the Mayor of Paris had gained in all pub-

lic affairs, and by the acceſſion of John, the Lord of Picquigni, had created a moſt formidable triumvirate.

John of Navarre, who had been impriſoned by the French King, was by their authority ſet at liberty, and brought from his dungeon in triumph to Paris. Charles was under the diſagreeable neceſſity of receiving him with open arms, and the moſt perfect reconciliation. But this ſhow of friendſhip could not ſecure the Dauphin from the ſuſpicions of the King of Navarre, who pretended that the troops of the Dauphin were levied againſt him, and made this pretext an occaſion of taking up arms.

The cap or chaperon, red and blue, was the ſignal, and Marcel was the firſt to adopt it, in which he was ſoon followed

by

by all the citizens of Paris. It was to no purpose that Charles endeavoured to gain the hearts of the people: all those who were attached to the Dauphin, became immediately suspected by the triumvirate; and the Lord of Conflans, the Marechal of Champagne, the Lord of Clermont, and the Marechal of Normandy, were assassinated in the Dauphin's presence by the orders of the Mayor, who guided the hands of the murderers, and had the insolence to assure the Dauphin that he had nothing to fear for his own life. The Prince, less indignant at the insult offered him, than affected with the bloody spectacle of the murder of his friends, accepted the cap of Marcel, as a protection against the mob, whilst the Mayor bore off in triumph the hat of the Prince, as a spoil, which attested his victory.——*V. l'Acad. des Inscriptions*, *v.* 16.

Le Duc de Richelieu

Had the ſecret of curing his ſoldiers of their drunkenneſs, whilſt he lay before a town which he was beſieging, by prohibiting thoſe who perſiſted in getting drunk, from the honour of ſcaling the walls on an aſſault.

La Nobleſſe.

Nobility ought to be perſonal and not hereditary, in all catholic countries: the church of Rome teaches its votaries to give the dead credit for the virtues of the living, but the nobility invert this order, and apply the merits of the dead to the living.

The Penſion-liſt.

La legende dorée.

Kings of France.

Lewis the Twelfth was honeſt and juſt, but weak and ignorant.

Francis the Firſt was *miles glorioſus*, a boaſter, cruel, and an aimer at wit.

Henry the Fourth was brave and magnanimous, but too much addicted to women ever to become a philoſopher.

Lewis the Fourteenth was at once the greateſt and the leaſt of the Kings of France. The ſlave of pride and vain-

glory, and the victim of flattery: drunk with the infatuation of power, he was ſerved, feared, and obeyed like an idol; hated, mortified, and abandoned; he lived like a Sultan, and died like a woman.

The French Academy.

Richelieu founded the French Academy in order to divert his countrymen from politics to objects more inoffenſive and leſs important. He was deceived, however, in his calculations, ſince from this ſchool of unimportant purſuits, philoſophers have come forth who have enlightened mankind on the moſt ſerious of all ſubjects, the Government of their country. Neither Rouſſeau, however, nor Raynal, nor Mably, were members of the Royal Academy. The Duc de la Roche-

foucault wiſhed to aboliſh the title of honorary, and to admit all the nobility of France as members without any ballot; but he could not carry his point.

Baſtille.

Monſieur d'Angivillers got his ſervant ſent to the Baſtille, like a ſtate-priſoner, for robbing him of a picture, as if the Chatelet would not have done juſt as well; like a man who works a common ſum by Algebra, when diviſion and multiplication in plain figures will anſwer all his purpoſe.

Singularities in the affairs of Europe in the Year 1789.

The houſe of Auſtria was ſuppreſſing its religious eſtabliſhments. France was com-

compelling the church to lays its ſpoils upon the altar of liberty. "

The patriots of Holland were taking refuge in Brabant, and the patriots of Brabant in Holland. England, Pruſſia, and Holland, were forming a Proteſtant aſſociation for the defence of the Catholics.

Banque Nationale.

Pour faire une banque nationale il faut tout reduire à la ſimplicité d'un livre de compte, dreſſé par le bons ſens, et gardé par la bonne foi.

Money.

The French King, who was ſo very lately both the fountain and reſervoir of all the coin in his dominions, can now

command no more gold or ſilver than his Holineſs the Pope, whoſe traffic is in paper. This is no new caſe: Horace has handed down to poſterity a certain King of the Cappadocians, who abounded in ſubjects, but had nothing to pay them.

"Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocûm Rex."

Thus Louis Seize is full of paper-money, but in hard caſh is wretchedly deficient.

Had Carle Vanloo, who was a pretty painter, but a bad accomptant, lived in this dearth of ſpecie, he might probably have been brought to underſtand that fifty louis d'ors were more than twelve hundred livres: the ſtory they tell of Vanloo is, that when he went to receive his penſion, he was paid fifty louis d'ors, which he threw back, ſaying, he knew nothing of

of fifty louis d'ors ; that his penſion was twelve hundred livres, and inſiſted upon having them.

Bourreau.

The office of a public executioner is uſeleſs and inhuman, why ſhould we not ſubſtitute a machine ?

Public Executions.

The inutility of theſe bloody ſcenes is already too well known. The ſame thing takes place after a public execution, as after the exhibition of any other public ſpectacle. The miſer goes back to his hoard, and the oppreſſor returns to his injuſtice.

Sylla.

The character which the French seem so justly to have acquired for savage brutality and unexampled cruelty, belonged probably to their anceſtors in the times of ancient Rome. Sylla puniſhed a ſoldier with death, who refuſed to cut down his comrade, by firſt cloathing him in a female dreſs and then throwing him into the Tiber. Sylla ever preferred the Gauls as ſoldiers for their wonderful diſpatch in pulling a body to pieces, *à depecer un cadavre*, "*mirè in corpora ſæviebant.*" See Plutarch and the Hiſtorians.

Bon Mot

D'une dame à l'Assemblée Nationale qui disoit en voyant le clergé bien agité sur la question de la vente de leur biens: Messieurs, on vous rase, si vous remuez tant, vous serez coupés.

Man of Letters.

Cardinal Bernis being asked which he would prefer, if he might have his choice, to be Minister or Man of Letters, answered, Man of Letters, ever when I am alone.

Le

Le Cardinal de Fleury

Said, he had ſeen the two ends of the world, La Trappe and the Court; but had he lived in theſe days, he would have ſeen more, he would have ſeen the two ends meet and the monks at court.

Learned Men.

When I had occaſion to ſpeak of Monſieur Clavier in my Eleventh Letter, I ſaid nothing of the edition of Petronius which he is about to publiſh. He ſhowed me ſome corrections of the text that I thought very ingenious and not leſs true; and which, I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, will appear in the ſame advantageous light to every good judge of ancient literature.

As I have ſaid thus much, I will produce an inſtance, and one inſtance of Mr. Clavier's ingenuity publiſhed before its time, will do no detriment to a work, '*ubi plura.*' The place I allude to is in the twenty-eighth chapter of the quarto edition, p. 99. Burman: '*Tres Iatraliptæ in conſpectu ejus [Trimalchionis] falernum potabant: et cum plurimum rixantes effunderent, Trimalchio hoc ſuum propinaſſe dicebat.*' The meaning of the word *propinaſſe* is by no means an eaſy word to gueſs at. Some are for inſerting *genium* after *ſuum*, others would read *propitiaſſe*. But if you believe Monſieur Clavier, the reading is PROPE NASCI, which means, that the wine Trimalchio drank grew on his own eſtate; and, indeed, it is ſaid ſomewhere, that he had every thing within himſelf. *Omnia prope naſci*, i. e. *domi*. See ch. 38.

Ver-

Vernet.

Vernet, the famous painter of ſea-pieces, lived to ſee the ſecond year of French liberty, and died at the advanced age of ſeventy-ſix, under the Revolution, indeed, but during a ſort of interregnum, between the dregs of the old Government and the ſcum of the new.

This remarkable painter was much attached to his profeſſion and loved his art; of which the famous ſtory of his being tied to the maſt in a ſtorm of lightning is a ſufficient proof. He began early to paint ſea-pieces behind the chaiſes à porteur, on which his father was at work. His pictures in his firſt eſſays are ſaid to have ſhown no marks of infancy, or in his laſt, of old age.

Manglàre was Vernet's maſter at Rome, whoſe excellence conſiſted in painting fine Italian ſkies, ſoft breaks of morning light, and the pomp of the ſetting ſun. His genius was of the picturesque kind, as Pouſſin's was of the poetical.

Paris.

The moſt impoſing ſcene at Paris for its grandeur is the key of the Louvre, where to the right is the Seine à regret fugitive, and to the left are vaſt palaces, and ſuperb caſtles, majeſtic avenues, and magnificent gardens.

Caen

Is a city become famous for its riots and diſturbances, of which no notice is taken

by the magiſtrates, and no puniſhment inflicted on the culprits. A Democrate being aſked at Paris, what he would do if he were found guilty of ſetting fire to a caſtle? Do, ſays he, why I would go to Caen, where there is neither judge, juſtice, or lamp-poſt.

L'Orgie de la Cocarde.

The famous dinner at Verſailles called L'Orgie de la Cocarde, was not paid for laſt year, and moſt probably ſtill remains undiſcharged. The dinner was ordered for 150 at 26 livres a head without including wine, liqueurs, or coffee. It would be ſomewhat ſingular, no doubt, if the National Aſſembly were petitioned to pay for this military feſtival.

Sermon.

A prieſt in the pulpit at Chaillot, appearing to the audience to bear hard upon the Revolution and the preſent times, was ſilenced and pulled down from his roſtrum, and his ſermon taken from him; when the diſcourſe came to be examined, it was found to mean no ſuch thing, and bore marks of remote antiquity in its yellow ink and early date.

Les Cordeliers.

The diſtrict of the Cordeliers being queſtioned, why they had detained a waggon going to Limoges loaded with gold and ſilver in ingots, ſaid, They did it to prevent the ſpecie being exported to the frontier towns.

Ci-

Citoyen du Monde.

La prophêtie de Goldſmith.

Tandis que les Suedois marchent ſans s'en douter vers le deſpotiſme, les François recouvrent inſenſiblement leur liberté. Son genie eſt dans ce moment deguiſé; pour peu qu'il y ait encore deux ou trois miniſtres diſſipateurs, ou foibles, ils ſe forceront ſe montrer à decouvert; et les François renaitront à la liberté, et au bonheur.

Elm.

The elm planted by Henry the Fourth is in the Luxemburg gardens on the right hand above the marble ſtair-caſe.

Monaſtery.

My imagination pleads ſtrongly for the low cloiſter, and the high garden-wall, but my reaſon condemns all monaſtic inſtitutions.

Ariſtocrate.

The anagram of this diſgraced and perſecuted word is Iſcariot.

Revolution.

Voltaire foretels, that the Revolutioniſts ſhall drink the coſtly wines of the Monks, and coin the gold crowns of the Saints, but the Frenchmen complain, that

that the ſwans of the poets are all geeſe, and their gold bell-metal.

Boit le muſcat des peres Bernardins,
Frappe en ecus l'or qui couvre les ſaints.

L'Eveque de Bayeux.

The Biſhop of Bayeux, in the ſecond year of the Revolution, proteſted againſt the acts of his clergy, becauſe they had not elected him their Deputy in the National Aſſembly, upon which he was called the firſt Proteſtant Biſhop.

Lanterne.

Lanterne de Diogene
C'eſt en vain que l'antiquité t'eleve!
Malgrè ta reputation,
Tu n'es rien en comparaiſon
De la lanterne de la Greve.

Liberté.

Liberty is by no means that brilliant chimæra of perfect equality which some men have falsely conceived it to be, but the submission of all orders to their head or chief, and a resignation to the laws which are made equally for all.

Despotism.

Despotism degrades its victims till they lick the hand that oppresses them; and the magic of the fine arts blots out the image of freedom till nothing remains but the name, which, like *Libertas* on the chains of the galley-slaves, adds insult to servitude.

Chan-

Chanson de 1740 quand le pain étoit à 4 sous ½ et à 5s. la livre.

Richlieu, Mazarin, & Fleuri,
Ministres empyriques,
De tous nos maux nous ont gueri
Par diverses pratiques.
Richlieu saignoit; Mancini
Purgeoit à toute outrance;
A la diete celui-ci
Reduit son ordonnance.

Assignats.

We hear continually of the burning of assignats, but never of the plates being destroyed.

Le moule existe toujours.

Mirabeau

Died insolvent, and Monf. Frochot came to the National Assembly to announce it, in quality of the executor of Mirabeau. The relations were not pleased with Mr. Frochot, and thought such a declaration added no lustre to the deceased, or his family. Mirabeau's debts amounted to five hundred and fifty thousand livres, and his effects, it is calculated, will produce five hundred and twenty-three thousand. The following is an accurate statement of the whole of Mirabeau's property:

	Liv.
La Bibliotheque vaut sans folie — —	90,000
Maison du Marais à deux lieues de Paris —	140,000

Assignats

Aſſignats trouvés à ſa mort	22,000
Chevaux vendus —	12,000
Item Garderobe et linges	15,000
Argenterie & bijoux	30,000
Baguier — —	10,000
Sa legitime (en diſpute) dont il n'a rien reçu depuis 1777 — —	194,000
Ses pendules & meubles pas encore vendus	10,000
	523,000

FINIS.

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